Peace
The Editors

Carter's Triumph
John Osborne

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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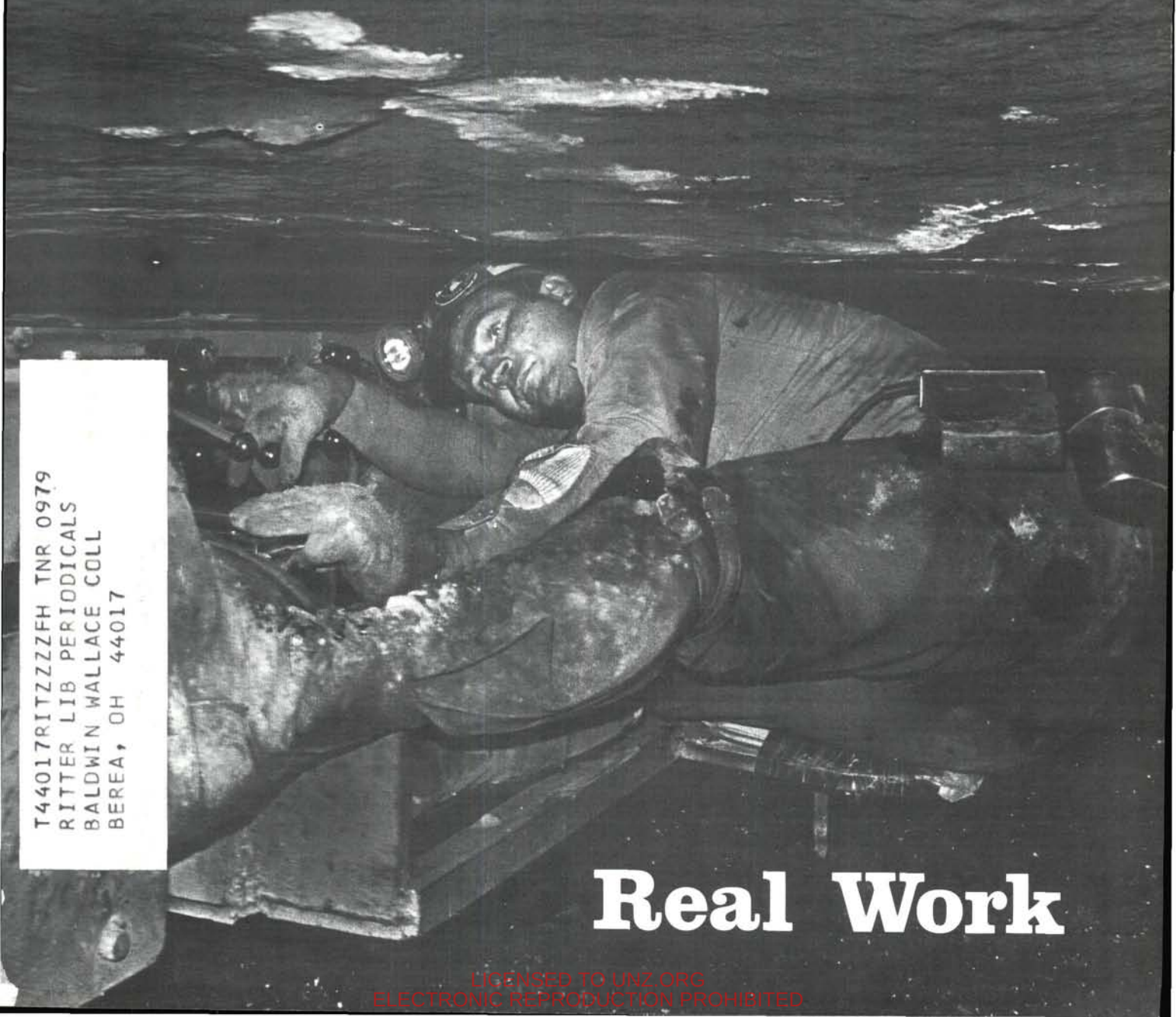

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TRB

from Washington
March 24, 1979

The Ancien Regime

John J. Raskob, father of 12, resigned from General Motors to become Al Smith's campaign manager, and a year later gave a shipboard interview as he left for Europe. It was March 1929 and Herbert Hoover had been president for two weeks. Raskob wasn't thinking of politics any longer, nor of the debacle of the Happy Warrior who had carried only eight states. He was thinking of stocks like everyone else. He told reporters that GM would sell for 225. It was now 187. The steamer diminished into the Atlantic with a long smudge of smoke behind it and in two days GM reached 210. "Stock prices have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau," said Irving Fisher, the great economist. A week later GM crossed 225.

I knew Hoover would make a great president. I voted for him. I watched him at his press conferences as secretary of commerce in the old Commerce building at Pennsylvania Avenue and 19th Street where he sat at the head of the long table, his shy smile slipping into his high collar. He exhibited a knowledge of government unmatched in Washington. He served Harding and Coolidge and now would give a third term of normalcy. Hoover rode down Pennsylvania Avenue in the rain on March 5 to take his oath, a legendary, heroic figure. He had saved Belgium. New York's governor, Franklin Roosevelt, once wrote to a friend, "I wish we could make him president of the United States. There could not be a better one." Now it had happened. In his acceptance speech he declared, "We shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty shall be banished from the nation." I saw him take the oath with exultation. Jolly, black-robed William Howard Taft administered the oath which he had taken in the same spot 20 years earlier. Hoover's "I do" was heard by 200,000 listeners outside, over the new loudspeakers.

"I have no fears for the future of our country," Hoover said in his Inaugural. "It is bright with hope."

We who had covered him in the Commerce Department knew it would be like this. He quickly summoned a special session to fix up the tariff. Then he held his first press conference. It was wonderful. He entered with a cheerful smile. He would hold more conferences, he said, and Coolidge's "official spokesman" would be interred. Hoover said he would have three categories of answers: off-the-record, background and direct quote. "You mean we can quote what you say?" gasped somebody. Yes, Hoover said. Hoover held 66 press conferences in four years; 23 the first; only 12 the last.

We did not guess half a century ago that 1929 would separate two eras. It was the time of journalistic greats in Washington to awe a young reporter; their names I like to go over now: Mark Sullivan, Frank Kent, Walter Lippmann, Oulahan of the *Times*, Ken Crawford, Tom Stokes, Charlie Ross, Ulric Bell, Paul Y. Anderson, Ruth Finney, Lowell Mellett and all the rest. It was a time of high hopes and brilliant achievement, when Model As were replacing Model Ts, Babe Ruth hit home runs, Tunney knocked out Dempsey, Rudy Vallee crooned, Colonel Lindbergh married Anne Morrow, skyscrapers rose and the dirt roads at the end of towns at the trolley turnarounds finally were being paved. Progress was accelerating. Ten years after the war, who could doubt that it would not continue that way so long as we had cheap labor and stayed clear of Europe?

Andrew Mellon was secretary of the Treasury, the thin, shy aristocratic Pittsburgh banker who devoted his long tenure to getting taxes reduced for corporations. The Coolidge bull market was now the Hoover market; the president saw some danger in it; money was getting too cheap, he thought; he got Mellon to warn against it. The latter was unconcerned. As he would explain later, there was often a downturn after a war, sooner or later—sometimes called a "panic"; nothing of the sort had shown up yet but, if it did, it "will purge the rottenness out of the system." Yes, he added, "People will work harder."

Three months earlier, right after the election, there was a sickening drop in the stock market and the new glamor stock, Radio, for example, declined 72 points. So what? It corrected itself soon. Could the rise continue? The market was discounting not merely the future, but the hereafter, said some. But it kept on. Hoover protested again within his Cabinet. It was folly for the Fed to let people buy stock with only 10 cents down on the dollar (90 percent margin), he thought. Little came of his warnings.

It was a time of boisterous phrases and gaudy insults. George Moses, conservative senator from New Hampshire, called prairie Progressives "Sons of the wild jackass," and declared one of them was "the only verified case of a negative IQ." When Hoover in 1931 replaced press secretary George Akerson, hard drinking Harvard *cum laude*, with Theodore Joslin, some enemy called it "the first known instance of a rat joining a sinking ship." But this was in the venomous future.

There were subtle signs of malaise in the economy. A modern student might have spotted them. Worker productivity was way up but the profits went largely to employers; consumer demand weakened. Enormous farm productivity meant cheap prices for cities but ruined farmers. A Brookings study quietly declared that inequality in income distribution had "accentuated." Were people really so well off as the stocks indicated? The Brookings study showed that the income of 60 percent of American families in a nation of 120 million was below $2000, about the dividing line of poverty. As America swirled faster and faster on the Wall Street axis many people couldn't buy the things they produced, and inventories rose.

So we leave the doomed Herbert Hoover on this anniversary in March, 50 years ago, while history waits for what is to happen. September will see the crest. GM stood at 139 in March 1928; in September it will reach 181 (after splits). Radio will jump to 505; AT&T to 304; GE to 396 (tripling in 18 months). Everything waits for October 23. Then after the initial crash in a few incredible weeks stocks will fall 40 percent in prices: $30 billion of paper values blown out with a puff. Hoover will never understand that this is not a local event but worldwide, the collapse of the market economy established in the 19th century, a collapse that brings Hitler to power, that leads America into a welfare state.

Fifty years later most of the economic axioms we try to apply to current problems stem back, consciously or unconsciously, to 1929.

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Correspondence

The dollar's plight

To the editors:

I read with great interest your commentary entitled "The Great Savings Swindle" in the February 17 issue and could not agree with you regarding the consequences suffered by small savers as a result of the interest lid imposed by Regulation Q.

BankAmerica President A. W. Clausen, in a talk before the Founders Week convocation of Gonzaga University late last year, made the following points in a talk entitled "The Plight of the Dollar: Time for Action."

"Today, banks are lending money to their prime customers at more than 10 percent, and corporate treasurers with idle funds can put their money to work at more than a 9 percent annual rate in 30-day negotiable certificates of deposit available in the money market.

"Yet savers—average individuals with some money set aside—generally have to settle for the government-mandated ceiling—5 percent from banks and 5¼ percent from thrift institutions. To be sure, if these people wish to tie up their money for much longer periods, they can get higher yields, but those are also set by regulation.

"The point is, savers—who control nearly one trillion dollars in accumulated thrift accounts—are not getting what they deserve: the market-determined rates. This means that we, as a society, save less. We don't have the necessary incentives to save more.

"When we save less, there are fewer funds available for investments—the kind of investments that help improve the productivity of our workers. And the funds that are available for investment are more expensive. Because of the short supply, they command higher interest rates. These higher interest rates are then reflected in higher costs of production and higher inflation."

Robert L. Fienberg
Bank of America
San Francisco, California

Where's Mama?

To the editors:

TRB ("Where's Papa?" *TNR*, February 24) thinks we need a Papa in the White House. I say that's what we've got. What we really need is a Mama.

Papa wasn't at home much; he was mostly off making money, meeting and talking with many important men. When he was home, his plans and successes and failures occupied his mind, so he didn't have much time to talk with the rest of the family.

But remember Mama? She was so frugal, and kept hidden purses with nickels and dimes that she'd saved, and they came in handy at times. She had enough foresight to plan for the future, canning vegetables and fruits, and buying our clothes a bit big so they'd last longer. And we never had much garbage or trash; we recycled everything we could, and Mama rewarded our efforts and creativity in preventing waste with praise and occasional treats.

And it was Mama who got us out of scrapes. She had a lot of charm, and was able to make angry people calm down and be reasonable. Sometimes she even convinced people to change their minds. We respected Mama a lot, because she was not only protective and diplomatic; she was also firm. We knew she was the boss, and when she laid down the law, we had to toe the line.

That's why I say we need a Mama in the White House. Of course, neither Mama nor Papa can do anything with the kids who don't respect their parents and their authority.

Nancy Z. Browne
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Abused author responds to clever critic

To the editors:

In response to J.B.'s foam-flecked but amusing review of my first novel, *The Short Timers*, in your January 27 issue, please accept my congratulations for publishing a fair and insightful piece of criticism. I must admit that I am offended by the accusations of "low blow" and "hatchet job" my friends have leveled against J.B. in my behalf. Personally, I was forced to admit that J.B.'s review—the first negative review the book has received so far—was, even so, the most perceptive. J.B. has been the only reviewer clever enough to see where my Vietnam war novel was aimed, and, more significantly, at *whom* it was aimed. It is only natural that J.B. was deeply offended. But, not the kind of critic to damn a book with faint praise, J.B. has wisely elected to praise the book with faint criticism—as when he stoops to focus his formidable powers of ridicule upon such a central dramatic flaw as the inept selection of a name for one of my characters. And, finally, I am flattered that J.B. is so confident that his fellow critics will continue to praise the book highly that he feels compelled to denounce all those future reviews in advance.

Gustav Hasford
Morro Bay, California

Jack Beatty responds:
In my experience, books are not aimed; guns are.

Fractured political history

To the editors:

If your "SALT Shakers" editorial (*TNR*, February 17) is indicative of informed opinion, the level of public knowledge with regard to the paramount national concern is appallingly low. Doubtless one could pen the potshots taken at Mr. Eugene Rostow, and the fractured political history and anti-Republican pamphleteering which followed, if one ignored certain facts.

First, the disparity in US-Soviet casualties resulting from a nuclear exchange, as calculated by Mr. Rostow and President Carter. President Carter's hypothetical attack against Soviet society with Poseidon missiles is not credible. Our missiles can destroy Soviet civilians—curious notion of a just war, that—only if Soviet counter-force capable weapons have not pre-empted them and/or are not held in sufficient reserve to devastate our society *even after* we have launched the accountant's dream-turned-strategy, the "Assured Destruction" attack. Throughout most of the 1980s the Soviets will enjoy superiority in counter-force capable weapons, with or without SALT II—certainly a superiority in land-based missiles capable of destroying other land-based missiles.

Second, the question of linkage: Our strategic forces support our global interests precisely because virtually every world trouble spot borders the Soviet Union or one of its satellites. This

(continued on page 40)

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced and held to under 200 words.

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Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1977	1976
Income		
Life premiums	$22,340,297	$16,150,742
Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	$ 4,878,866	$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	$ 2.88	$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	$ 2.89	$ 1.97

Assets	$116,000,000
Insurance in Force	$1,289,599,000

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Cover: About 15,000 coal miners like this one work in tunnels which are never more than 30 inches high. If this machine strikes a bump in the mine floor, the miner's head may be jammed into the roof. If there is a cave-in or explosion, the miners cannot run to safety. See photo essay beginning on page 20.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 24, 1979

Peace?

Peace is the name of their desire; but for the Israelis and the Egyptians it is not quite time yet to share the feast of peace. Nevertheless, they and their leaders have gone very far, further than many had imagined they could, to demonstrate that there may be a destiny other than endless war in the area of the world that the scripture calls "the hearth of God."

Their achievement is all the more remarkable in that it was worked out against the backdrop of a very hostile political environment. The ordinarily feverish Arab world, inflamed right now also by an aggressive Islamic *jihad*, would not under the best of circumstances have been congenial to any enterprise at conciliation. To the rejection front countries, among which must now be counted Saudi Arabia, and to the various Palestinian movements that shelter under their cash, the war against the Jews seems less a strategy toward any plausible goal than a permanent way of life. Moreover, the communist world, meaning especially the Soviet Union and its overeager Cuban satrapy, added its every mischievous influence to the struggle to undo the Camp David accords. The third world, particularly the impoverished third world, did its thing: it chorused the truculent irrelevancies, still deluded that reward or relief would come its way from the oil-rich in the ranks. The governments of Western Europe took haven in a more genteel silence, lest they appear to endorse an American-supported initiative to which the petroleum quartermaster corps was vehemently opposed.

Despite all this, the agreement reached between Prime Minister Begin and President Sadat was logically inherent in the objective circumstances and needs of their people. Egypt, grindingly poor and poorer every year, needed above all to stop the bleeding of its resources for war and war preparations. Israel required that at least its western front be stilled so that it might begin to live the normal life of one state accepted among others. A neighborly relationship with the Egyptians might also permit the Israelis to negotiate, under less frantic and intense pressure, an arrangement in the West Bank compatible with both the dignity of the Palestinian Arabs and the security of the Jewish state.

That the two governments could not accommodate to their mutual self-interest without the ministrations of Jimmy Carter is evidence of how comfortable and comforting even dangerous habits and attitudes may be. The success of the Jerusalem-Cairo shuttle is, then, a tribute to Carter's tenacity.

Doubtless this tenacity also reflects his passionate devotion to the vision of peace, a commitment that summoned up considerable personal talents as a mediator. But before the president gets carried away on his laurels, there are some lessons that he and we might learn from this latest experience in high stakes diplomacy. What we have now in the agreement to be signed in Washington is pretty much what we had six months ago at Camp David. In the interim, the president almost sabotaged his own earlier accomplishment. Not satisfied by the limited terms of Camp David, enticed by the idea of a quick

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"comprehensive settlement," egged on by the State Department's old and stubborn Middle East hands, and with an anxious eye cast over his shoulder to the disapproving Saudis, Carter sought to push Israel far beyond the undertakings to which it had agreed. In the circumstances, Sadat could hardly do less: he escalated his demands, and Begin, having political troubles no less severe than Sadat's, escalated his demands in turn. Carter's recent salvage operation was aimed in the end at getting the two protagonists to climb down from positions into which his ill-conceived and ill-executed diplomacy had pushed them.

Sadat's bravery in the face of his Arab brethren is unmistakable. That is an earnest of *his* good intentions, and it encouraged Begin to be flexible about his dearly held ideological tenets as well as his country's quite justifiable security worries. But the asymmetry of risk here should not go unnoticed. The survival of one or another political regime or personality should not weigh in public opinion as equal to the fate of an entire people.

The adjective most commonly applied to Begin in our own press and among its cue-givers in the administration has been "intransigent." President Carter pointedly added on several occasions that Israel was not being forthcoming on "insignificant" and even "absolutely insignificant" matters. Some wry observers noted about this that insignificance cuts both ways. But the results of the Carter shuttle vindicate Begin's tough stance—if hardly his charmless rhetoric—in insisting that the treaty between Israel and Egypt not depend on the behavior of other Arabs—Palestinians, Jordanians, Syrians—over whom neither country has influence.

Israel also gave in on issues of importance to Egypt. Despite having discovered and developed Sinai's vast oil deposits, Israel gave up its claim for preferential access to this valuable supply. In an oil-hungry world, this concession should not be undervalued.

This last process of reciprocating compromise could not have occurred if President Carter had gone to the Middle East intent on trimming the negotiations to Saudi Arabian designs. The decision not to do that was an enormously symptomatic assertion of American strength. What we did instead, by concretely supporting northern Yemen against aggression from South Yemen, was to recognize a legitimate Saudi concern about our credibility as a powerful ally. It probably also made our pledges to Cairo and Jerusalem more believable. In both capitals there was at least informal talk about an American base in the Sinai. Nothing could do more to safeguard the emerging peace and our own national interests which, unlike those of the Soviet Union, happen to coincide with the global interest in peace.

drawing by S. Behrendt

Alarm—Peace threat in the Mid-East!

To be sure, that peace will be incomplete for a long time to come. Even between the Israelis and Egyptians, there will be strains, distrust, recriminations, moments of testing. On Israel's other frontiers, however, there is nothing even so hopeful as the will to test. It may yet be that Jordan will move to take up the negotiating option, though King Hussein seems to have joined destinies with the most extreme Arab irridentists. The absence of negotiating partners for the West Bank, however, should not prevent Israel from vesting some autonomy in the inhabitants of the area. The separation of the Gaza strip from the West Bank in the treaty does not let Israel off the hook regarding the West Bank. Rather, it is a challenge to Israeli ingenuity and generosity. But the absence at the green table of those other potential partners, now joined in a rant against both Egypt and Israel, also has military consequences. It would be folly for the US to press Israel to make security concessions in a dangerous vacuum. You can bet that it won't be long before Zbigniew Brzezinski and Harold Saunders take up their old positions. If Carter doesn't curb them, he'll simply be adding to the ample pressures already fixed, not only on Jerusalem but on Cairo as well, from the other Arab capitals.

The disengagement of Egypt from the long Arab war against Israel provides the US with an opportunity to forge an alliance of modernizing and moderate societies in the Middle East. Independent of what remains of the Arab-Israeli dispute, the region seems destined to continuing and ever more violent conflict. Communism and Islam may not ultimately be convivial; but for the moment they are the twin prime forces of discord in the region. Israel remains an island of stability amidst the dangerous chaos, its democracy the underpinning of both its internal cohesiveness and its military strength. In this regard, it is an invaluable strategic asset which the US ignores at our own peril. Egypt itself is not immune to the general instability of the Arab political community. The Moslem brotherhood might also release mobs of the enraged in much the way Khomeini's cohort has done. This of course would immediately threaten the fragile peace and other American interests in the area. One way to help

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foreclose such developments is for the US to make clear that we will not try to placate—as if placation is all that is needed and all that is feasible—those who would undo painfully secured accomplishments for peace.

White House Watch

Jogging for Peace

The first word to press and public that President Carter had decided to go to Cairo and Jerusalem in an effort to salvage the Camp David accords of last September, and the peace treaty between Israel and Egypt that seemed so near then and so far from conclusion in early March, came when he told congressional leaders about his intention on Monday morning, March 5. It seemed to some of them and to some of Carter's advisers that a recent series of failures and near failures in foreign affairs and the indications that he was on the verge of a disastrous failure in the Middle East had driven him to folly. History and conventional wisdom taught that a President simply does not plunge as unprepared as Carter was for this venture into personal negotiation at the summit without reasonable assurance that he will succeed. The Camp David summit with President Anwar Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel did not contradict the conventional view. It was unique, it too was poorly prepared, and the initial appearance of triumph proved to be ephemeral. Some of the congressmen told Carter outright that he was imperiling himself and the country unless he had the advance assurances of success that he obviously did not have. The doubters among his advisers were less forthright, for a reason that says much about Jimmy Carter. Once he has made up his mind—and, as in this case, made it up virtually by himself—he resents contrary advice and tends to regard it as obstruction.

True, Carter had had some encouragement. Begin had just visited Washington and taken home American suggestions for compromise on three sticky points of dispute in the tentative Israel-Egypt treaty drafted after the Camp David meeting. He got his Cabinet to accept the recommended changes with great reluctance and after heated debate. Whether Sadat would accept the changes without further change was uncertain. They went to his demands, accelerated after Camp David, for steps toward effective Palestinian Arab autonomy on the Israeli-occupied West Bank of the Jordan River and in the occupied Gaza Strip; to what Sadat would probably consider unwelcome changes in the draft provisions for Israeli withdrawal from what until the 1967 war was Egypt's Sinai Desert; and to the terms and timing of full diplomatic recognition by each country of the other. Beyond all that, and despite Begin's and his Cabinet's acceptance of the American modifications, Begin's total attitude seemed to Carter and his advisers to all but exclude the reconciliation with Sadat's stiffening positions that would be necessary if a viable treaty and supplementary annexes and letters of agreement were to be completed.

It also seemed to the Americans that a dangerous difference separated them from Begin and his Israeli associates. Publicly and privately, Begin took the line during his visit to Washington that there was plenty of time to implement the Camp David accords, including the treaty, and indeed that more time for reflection might be useful. This ignored Carter's personal and political need for an early success that might stem the erosion of world and American confidence in his ability to conduct foreign affairs. The momentum generated at the Camp David summit was all but gone. A suspicion that neither Egypt nor Israel really wanted a peace treaty was spreading in officialdom and was becoming evident in both countries. So Carter reasoned, first to himself and then to his people and to congressional leaders. Off he went to Cairo and Jerusalem with a large official company supporting him and a huge press party trailing him. The entourage constituted a reminder of how rapidly Carter's non-imperial presidency has drifted back to imperial practices. Two Boeing 707s of the Air Force Special Mission fleet (Air Force One and Two) hauled his immediate party, Rosalynn Carter included, and supporting officials and staffers. A big transport plane brought out five limousines and smaller utility cars, along with more staff. Three Marine helicopters were flown in from a Sixth Fleet carrier. The President's cousin, Hugh Carter Jr., the White House office manager who is known as Cousin Cheap because of his early cutbacks in White House amenities, was one of the numerous assistants in the party. He was along, it was said, to check up on the efficiency of trip advance operations. Considering the short notice, the operations seemed to be as efficient as could be expected, but there was an unusually large number of foul-ups.

Official and journalistic veterans of Richard Nixon's visit to Egypt in June 1974, a month before he resigned, compared with somewhat excessive interest the crowds that Sadat turned out for Nixon and Carter. Nixon's crowds were larger by hundreds of thousands,

Coming:

Morton Kondracke on the Return of the Ugly American.

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their fervor exceeded that of the Carter crowds many fold, and many more visibly poor *fellaheen* from the countryside were bussed in for Nixon. Along the route of the same train ride from Cairo to Alexandria that Nixon and Sadat took, the crowds at the six stations where the train slowed for maximum adulation were about as big as the ones that saluted Nixon. Between stations, a much higher proportion of people in the fields and rice paddies went about their labors and paid no attention to Carter. All this is interesting but probably meaningless. Sadat had weeks to prepare for Nixon, three days at most for Carter and—let's face it—when a peasant has seen one president, he's seen them all. An elaborate brochure passed out on the train was inscribed: "ITINERARY OF THE SPECIAL TRAIN OF MR. G. CARTER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES." Press Secretary Jody Powell said when he was shown the brochure: "That's Jimmy's cousin George. We've kept him hidden until now."

A car for the display of statesmen, railed and open on each side, is at the front of the train on these expeditions. Journalists were escorted in batches to watch Sadat and Carter, standing and swaying side by side early in the trip and later seated in rather magisterial stuffed chairs, nodding and waving to the crowds. Carter and Sadat seemed to enjoy it but four hours of that can get tiresome. Carter was tired when he arrived in Cairo, Sadat graciously canceled a state dinner that night for this reason, and Carter looked to be increasingly weary through the rest of the only presidential trip in my experience that has matched Gerald Ford's trip to China in 1976 for sheer physical horror.

Carter pointed to some small animals to his right and asked, "sheep or goats?" Sadat answered, "sheep." Three American network anchormen interviewed Carter and then Sadat. Carter said nothing memorable. He stepped aside, obviously so as not to seem to eavesdrop, when Sadat's turn came. Sadat told Walter Cronkite that a treaty could be signed right away and added that it was "ridiculous" that the Israeli and Egyptian governments let "only some words here or there" divide them. This characterization was certain to anger Begin and the Israelis as much as Carter's line that the differences were disgustingly "insignificant" angered them until he abandoned it recently. They consider the issues involved in the differences to be vital to Israel's security. When Sadat's interview ended, Carter was heard to say, "You have a wonderful country, Mr. President." And, after slight pause, "What did you say to Cronkite?" Sadat's answer was inaudible.

Early in Carter's overnight stay in Alexandria, several policy-level Egyptian officials roamed the lobby of the Palestine Hotel and invited chats with visiting reporters. The officials made three main points. The Americans must realize that Sadat's choices were limited by his and Egypt's ties with and obligations to other Arab leaders and countries. He depended on Arab economic assistance. (Saudi Arabia contributed more than one billion dollars a year to Egypt's economy and armed forces. The US contributes about as much, one way and another, but that fact was not stressed. And, with the fall of America's friend, the shah of Iran, the US should in its own interest look to Egypt for at least some of the regional security the old Iran had provided.

The public events were mostly occasions for ceremonial remarks. ("In the name of God," Carter said; "My dear friend and brother," Sadat called Carter.) Behind the ceremonies, though, much hard discussion went on between Carter and Sadat and between Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and his opposite, Mustafa Khalil. National security assistant Zbigniew Brzezinski was listed at the important group meetings but he usually looked mighty pensive and seemed to be sidelined. The word spread that things were going far from well on two principal issues: Israel's insistent demand for preferential rights, amounting almost to continued ownership, to oil from Sinai fields that it was giving up in principle; and Egypt's suggestion that the terms of Gaza autonomy, with some sort of Egyptian presence guaranteed, be negotiated before the tougher issue of Arab autonomy on the West Bank was faced. The timing of an exchange of Israeli and Egyptian ambassadors at some agreed stage in Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai was also at issue, but the American mediators thought it was close enough to solution to be set aside from the other two issues holding up Israeli-Egyptian agreement on language.

At Mena House, a magnificent condominium and park near the pyramids of Giza, Sadat and Carter struck a tangible chill into hundreds of reporters gathered for what was to have been the final meeting in Egypt. They marched together to an open-air podium looking grim, *sad*, and in the instance of Sadat almost as if he were about to weep. The impression that Carter had failed to extract from Sadat language on the final points that Begin could be expected to accept thickened when he said quietly and mournfully: "We have resolved some difficult issues here. Difficult issues still remain to be resolved." When Sadat, discernibly near choking, asked Carter to convey Egypt's gratitude to the American people "who supported my initiative wholeheartedly," sounded as if he were uttering an epitaph.

Early on his first morning in Jerusalem, Carter slipped across the street from the King David Hotel where he was staying to the Jerusalem YMCA and jogged seven and a half miles around its indoor track. It must have been one of his few moments of relaxation in Jerusalem. The impression of impending failure among American journalists and among US officials persisted to the end of Carter's stay. It did *not* persist among Israeli officials and spokesmen. They quite evidently were concerned that the world public would be led to

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Jobs

one view of a national issue facing the electric power industry.

The traditional goal of unlimited economic growth is being seriously questioned. In the backlash, the proposal for a no-growth economy is the extreme example of less-is-more thinking. But for those people in our society whose hopes for decent jobs and a better standard of living would be thwarted by a steady-state economy, less is irrefutably less.

Since energy is inextricably tied to economic growth and the resultant increased job market, we are vitally concerned with this debate. As public utilities, we must take a stand that we believe is in the best interests of all sectors of our society. To formulate our position, we undertook a two-year study, utilizing several computer forecasting models to examine the available growth options.

The study suggests rejection of both extremes: unlimited expansion and no-growth. The public interest can best be served through what might be called "quality growth"—a natural evolution of economic expansion that encompasses the constraints necessary to meet current energy problems but still permits the job opportunities that bring more of our citizens into the economic mainstream.

The historical perspective:

It is important to recognize that we are in a transitional period between two energy epochs, the fossil fuel age and the future energy era. Fuels are available to meet the world's predictable energy needs for billions of years! What we are short of is the technology to convert available fuel sources into working energy. During this transitional period, we must deal with the supply-demand gap by conservation and the greater use of abundant energy forms (coal and nuclear).

The GNP-energy-job link:

Because all business activities require energy, the use of energy rises in relation to the rise in Gross National Product. With an estimated 19 million new jobs needed in the next ten years to handle the projected increased work force, either the economy must grow or unemployment will grow. And if new jobs are to be created, a reliable and growing supply of energy is vital. As you may know, a number of national organizations, such as the NAACP National Energy Conference, have recognized this necessity.

The high-growth and no-growth fallacies:

The high-growth scenario is plainly outdated, originating in times of favorable conditions that are unlikely to return again. Yet the no-growth scenario not only would entail massive employment dislocations, but it is profoundly pessimistic as well as selfish, taking a doomsday view of this transitional period between energy epochs. Our energy problems will entail major readjustments for years to come, but such readjustments are surely preferable to the authoritarian control of wages, prices and employment a no-growth scenario would necessitate.

The moderate stance:

The electric utility companies' study suggests generating an average economic growth rate in GNP of between 3.5% and 3.7% a year, which would retain an economy strong enough to sustain employment and preserve our standard of living. Only a vital economy can develop the capital resources necessary to keep our society afloat, including the $650 billion that will be needed in the next 15 years to convert electric plants from oil to the more abundant coal and uranium fuels.

It would be a disservice to the public to suggest that the nation's electric companies, any more than the Congress or the Executive branch, have all the answers. Critical questions remain, and others will surely arise. But as the eminent British biologist Sir Peter Medawar has said, "To deride the hope of progress is the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind."

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies

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blame Israel for failure and they suspected that the official American party was deliberately trying to foster that notion. Dan Pattir, Begin's chief spokesman, said on Israeli radio that White House spokesmen had misled American journalists into undue pessimism in their reports. "This is not the end, it is not a dead end," he said at a public briefing when dire reports were being distributed and broadcast worldwide. With a demeanor and attitude of pessimism that Jody Powell put about on the Monday night when the secret US-Israeli discussions were taking a turn for the better, Powell made more enemies among White House reporters than he'd made during his previous 26 months on the job. Many of them accused him—unfairly, I thought—of purposely knocking down the prospect of success in order to magnify the impact of Carter's astonishing claim of impending success that we soon were to hear in Cairo. "What makes you think we are close to compromise?" he snarled at one of the few reporters who did think we were. He said to me when Pattir's charge was quoted to him, "You were misled but it was by circumstances, not by us." At the last public briefing of the trip in Cairo, Powell said when the charge of deliberate misrepresentation was thrown at him, "I tried to be as accurate as I could in depicting the situation." If that be true, his superiors including Carter had not kept him adequately informed during and after crucial Monday night discussions.

Especially after Carter made his unexpected announcement of all but complete success in bringing Israel and Cairo into agreement on the major elements of a peace treaty, the old question of whether the US had pressured Israel into taking the course Carter wanted it to take arose. At a tumultuous session of the Knesset or Parliament, addressed by Begin and Carter, Begin said: "It is not true that you came to bring pressure on us. I may add that if pressure had been exerted on us, we would have rejected it. But I want here to assert: no pressure was exerted on us." That no doubt was true, in the sense of the US threatening to reduce economic and military assistance to Israel if it did not respond and behave in a way that the US thinks vital to its national interest—a course that I believe this country is entitled to follow in extreme circumstances. More subtle pressures were brought. An impression of Israeli responsibility for failure has been mentioned. Carter in one of his speeches and his spokesmen in background elaboration said that American public opinion would make it possible to provide more economic and military assistance to both Israel and Egypt in "a context of peace" than it could in "a context of war." Israel in a role as "the protector of democracy in the Middle East" would be in line for substantially increased military aid, reporters and presumably the Israelis were told by American officials.

As for one purpose of the Carter visit, consider this sequence. At Ben Gurion airport near Tel Aviv, the two presidential 707s were fueled to the tank tops for the long flight from Israel to Lajes airbase in the Azores and were positioned on the ramp for a Monday departure. A full load of fuel made the planes too heavy for a landing at the Cairo airport. Early Monday they were taken into the air and flown for four hours, burning up about 40,000 pounds or $10,000 worth of fuel from each plane. Carter postponed his departure from Monday to Tuesday and stopped in Cairo to meet Sadat and share the great announcement with him. The planes were refueled for the hop to Lajes. On one of two press planes flying home from Cairo by way of Shannon Airport, John Wallach of the Hearst newspapers again went at Powell on why we had been deceived, as Wallach believed, and why the President had diddled around with his departure day. Powell said to Wallach: "Do you think we would have gotten any agreement at all if we had not said we were going home Monday?"

John Osborne

The government, not *The Progressive*, is helping Amin get the hydrogen bomb.

How a Legal Bomb Works

The Justice Department's lawsuit to prevent *The Progressive* from printing an article titled "How the Hydrogen Bomb Works" reminds everybody of the Pentagon Papers case. Curbside opinions expressed by constitutional experts as soon as the case was filed were that the government has a much stronger legal claim to censor *The Progressive* than it did to prevent publication of the official history of Vietnam policy in 1971, when *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* trounced John Mitchell's Justice Department in court. Surely, the experts said, public disclosure of the secrets of a thermonuclear weapon that could kill millions of people is more damaging than any harm that could conceivably have resulted from publication of Defense Department documents about past Vietnam strategies and negotiations.

If anything could justify a court order prohibiting publication, this seemed to be it. In a constitutional ruling almost half a century ago, the Supreme Court hypothesized that in time of war a judge might forbid "the publication of the sailing dates of transports or the number and location of troops." This kind of vital strategic information has consistently been put forth as the proper standard for judicial censorship. What could be more critical to the nation's security than a do-it-

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yourself kit for the hydrogen bomb? On his first look at the legal questions, the federal judge in Milwaukee viewed the issue as whether "a recipe for a hydrogen bomb" can be made so freely available that Idi Amin would get it. And so the judge issued a 10-day restraining order against publication.

The heroes of the Pentagon Papers episode are greatly discomfited by the litigation. On its editorial page, the *Post* urged *The Progressive* to drop its plans to print the article. Litigating this case, said the *Post*, will harm the great First Amendment liberties that the *Post* has fought hard to preserve. The *Times* was less condescending. It sagely advised the federal judge to treat with "great skepticism" the government's claim that the sky will fall if the article is published, but it was unable to reconcile the conflict between broad constitutional principles embraced in the Pentagon Papers case and their real-life application to publishing a recipe for the hydrogen bomb. In 1971 the *Times* persuaded various judges that a court is constitutionally unauthorized to restrain the press for even one hour until the government proves that publication will seriously and irreparably harm national security; but the prospect of a nuclear holocaust shook the paper's certitude. All in all, said the *Times*, "a week or two of enforced restraint for a monthly journal seems a tolerable price."

Singularly absent from the *Post*'s and the *Times*'s comparisons of *The Progressive*'s situation to their own was one element that the publishers of the Pentagon Papers never have been anxious to emphasize. The *Post* and *Times* had to admit in 1971 that the documents they were publishing had been surreptitiously removed from the Defense Department and were, in fact, classified government papers. On the other hand, the article that *The Progressive* wants to publish rests on no illegal or otherwise dubious foundation. A 36-year-old freelance writer named Howard Morland, whose technical training consists of a handful of courses in physics, chemistry and quantum mechanics at Emory University, spent six months researching the subject of hydrogen weapons manufacture. Yet he produced an article that, if the federal government is believed, may help Idi Amin blow up the world. No one has claimed that Morland stole documents or had unauthorized access to classified material. The legal and constitutional problem exists only because Morland's review of available materials resulted in a description of the hydrogen bomb that is painfully close to the mark.

In a burst of dubious advocacy, the Justice Department included in its salvo of affidavits a sworn statement by a Department of Energy consultant with a PhD who swears that the Morland article "provides a more comprehensive, accurate and detailed summary of the overall construction and operation of a thermonuclear weapon than any publication to date in the public literature." Just in case Idi Amin is left with any doubt about the accuracy and usefulness of Morland's description, the consultant's affidavit provides the ultimate endorsement. It declares that the article "goes far beyond any other publication in identifying the nature of the particular design used in the thermonuclear weapons in the US stockpile."

One wonders, after reading this affidavit, whether the Justice Department has not blundered into a lawsuit that will cause far more harm than if *The Progressive* had been allowed to publish the article without fuss. Two even smaller publications reportedly have published do-it-yourself instructions for an atomic bomb during the past five years, and not an eyelash was batted at Justice. Nor is there any indication that Amin rushed off to subscribe or to try his hand at even the far easier A-bomb experiment. The reason is, as the consultant's affidavit makes clear, that there are many possible designs for thermonuclear weapons. Some of these are "awkward," others "require scarce materials in impractical amounts," and yet others "cannot be made to operate efficiently." No published description before Morland's detailed the design used by the United States, which "is far superior in efficiency and practicality to any other known type of design." So it turns out that the real danger of Morland's article and of its possible publication in *The Progressive* is that it is distressingly sound. If he had only been less competent and hit upon any of the unworkable designs, neither the Department of Energy nor the Justice Department would have had any interest. In fact, the Justice Department's legal memorandum says that previous disclosures regarding a hydrogen explosive device were made "in a context of such substantial misinformation that they lack all credibility and have never been properly confirmed as accurate." Now the Justice Department has provided this confirmation. It has informed all the world's crazy tyrants that with a couple of courses in chemistry and physics and six months of research, the secret of the H-bomb is theirs.

In this light, the constitutional question is very different from that in the Pentagon Papers case. The decision does not depend only, or even primarily, on comparing the horrors of nuclear devastation with the possible harm of disclosing confidential foreign policy papers. One may concede that a court could prohibit publication of any secret government paper setting out the technology of a nuclear weapon. But may a court prohibit publication of an article based on public sources, as filtered through the author's own professional skill and perception, only because the product comes too close to material that the government believes to be secret? The question goes to the heart of the constitutional protection of speech.

One must keep in mind how far we have gone in protecting publication under the First Amendment. The Pentagon Papers case established that even illegally or surreptitiously obtained government

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documents may not be subject to judicial censorship. Many cases in the libel and slander area have ruled that the First Amendment protects even recklessly false statements about public figures. When an author's sources are entirely untainted and the product he creates is truthful and accurate, is it not the very essence of the First Amendment that no government agency may deny him the right to speak it to the world?

The Justice Department bases its case on the exceedingly broad language of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, which does not limit its reach to material in government files. The law defines "restricted data" as "all data" concerning design, manufacture or utilization of nuclear weapons, and then goes on to prohibit anyone from communicating this kind of information "with reason to believe such data will be utilized to injure the United States or to secure an advantage to any foreign nation." Lawyers for *The Progressive* have pointed out that the law cannot mean what it says. Articles are constantly being written and published in scientific journals and elsewhere that would come within the literal definition of "restricted data." Now that the Department of Energy has told *The Progressive* that its article hits the nail on the head and may "secure an advantage" to Idi Amin or others like him, the Justice Department argues that the "reason to believe" provision in the law is satisfied. But this means that the government's warning is a self-fulfilling prophecy: lawful and innocent conduct becomes illegal because government agents tell the actor that they think his conduct will have bad consequences.

This novel position leads the Justice Department to put forward an extraordinary proposition. Since Morland worked entirely from lawful sources and from his own limited expertise, how could the product of that labor become "restricted data" that must be treated as if it were classified? The government explains that even if information is never in government custody, Congress intended to have it "classified at birth." In other words, speech about the "design, manufacture or utilization of atomic weapons" is prohibited unless and until the government says it is permissible. But this poses a constitutional problem too. The First Amendment grants a right of free speech which, according to a long line of judicial decisions, may not be prohibited by "prior restraint" except in very narrowly defined circumstances. May Congress remove "data" relating to nuclear weaponry from that rule and declare that, with respect to this subject, a governmental license must be obtained *before* publication is permitted? Advance licensing of publications is the essence of censorship. It was the target of John Milton's great polemic, *Areopagitica*, and it is clear that the founding fathers intended to prohibit this censorship with the adoption of the First Amendment.

The ultimate dilemma confronted by the *Times* and the *Post* must, of course, be faced. The principles of the First Amendment may well apply more forcefully than in the Pentagon Papers case to an original article drawing valid conclusions from information lawfully obtained from public records. But shouldn't a court prohibit publication if publication may increase, by any degree, the likelihood that Idi Amin will produce a hydrogen bomb? The answer is that almost by definition the circumstances make it improbable that the article would be of any use to Idi Amin. Government officials have a tendency to believe that much more of what they know is secret than is really the case. It is a common experience for employees in the State Department, for example, to read in classified cables the same information that is reported, on the very day, in *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post.*

The Department of Energy officials who assumed, all along, that certain technology of the hydrogen bomb was secret have been shown graphically by Mr. Morland and the editors of *The Progressive* that their recipe was less well-guarded than Coca-Cola's secret formula or Colonel Sanders's ingredients for finger-lickin' southern fried chicken. A one-time pilot and carpenter with a college degree has managed, with slight effort, to duplicate the secret formula. In filing suit to prevent publication, the government has confirmed to the world that he got it right.

The Progressive's motive in printing the article is plainly not, as Justice Department prosecutors represent it in court, "to secure an advantage" to any foreign tyrant, but rather to make precisely the point that proliferation of nuclear weapons is around the corner. The Department of Energy would have been well advised to absorb this lesson from *The Progressive*'s advance inquiry and not to have confirmed the accuracy of Morland's conclusions, exaggerated the article's importance and made the manuscript the focus of attention from foreign intelligence agencies.

Nathan Lewin

Carter's wise choice
for the DC Appeals Court.

Good Judgment

President Carter's judicial appointments are winning general praise, but one of them deserves special applause. To the nation's second most important tribunal, the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, Carter has named one of the smartest people in Congress and, I think, one of the wisest and most decent people in all US politics. He is Abner Mikva, a fifth-term representative from Illinois. The media

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make stars out of presidents, Cabinet officers and senators, but give short shrift to House members as too numerous to handle. Most people, liberals at least, remember how valiantly, if unsuccessfully, Paul Douglas and Philip Hart fought in the Senate against the oil depletion allowance. It was Abner Mikva, though, who led the way against it in the House Ways and Means Committee and on the House floor in 1975, and won. Tax reform tends to get reported as a fight between the president and Russell Long, but it has been Mikva, as the leader of Ways and Means liberals, who has tried to close loopholes and make tax rates more progressive. Everyone knows that Teddy Kennedy has championed 18-year-old voting and revision of the criminal code. In the House, those have been Mikva measures.

There is another reason why Abner Mikva isn't a household word. Much of the Washington press is mired in a curious, bent-over-backward kind of conflict of interest. Reporters write comfortably about politicians they don't know or privately hate, but they're so reluctant to show favoritism to people they admire or love that they'd rather leave them out of a story than reveal their bias. Almost every good Washington reporter I know considers Mikva a truly exceptional political figure, but few have told their readers about it. Now that he is about to become a judge and probably never will run for office again, we can purge ourselves of our conflicts. I do so happily.

It's not only the press's fault that Ab Mikva isn't famous. It was fate. Mikva didn't grow up in a particularly bad time or place for political success; in fact, he became a liberal as a result of his family's deprivations in Depression-era Milwaukee and because of the political examples of its socialist mayors and the relief from misery provided by the programs of Franklin Roosevelt. He tempered his liberalism with classical economics at the University of Chicago, where he got a law degree. He clerked for US Supreme Court Justice Sherman Minton, but then he decided to go back to Illinois. Prospects looked promising enough: Adlai Stevenson had just been elected governor and Paul Douglas had become senator. Mikva moved to Hyde Park, the University of Chicago neighborhood, and went to work for Arthur Goldberg's labor law firm. In 1956, he ran for state representative against the wishes of the Cook County Democratic organization, and won.

If Mikva had been a liberal reformer in, say, Wisconsin, he might be a senator now and perhaps even a presidential contender. But Illinois in those days didn't cotton to liberal reformers. It wasn't really a Stevenson-Douglas state at all. It was a Daley state in Cook County, where half the Illinois population lived, and a Paul Powell state in much of the rest, and where it wasn't one of theirs, it was Republican. Mikva instantly became the leader of a small band variously known as "the good government bloc" or the "economy bloc"—one opponent referred to Mikva as "the economy bloc-head"—which could win only by forming coalitions, maneuvering shrewdly and appealing to the press and public. Mostly it acted to combat political skulduggery or (in the case of Paul Powell, the man who died with a shoebox full of cash in the closet) outright theft. Mikva and his allies also fought to stop periodic budgetary pogroms against welfare recipients and mental patients. They managed to pass a consumer credit act outlawing garnishments and a reformed state criminal code.

Mikva won the respect of those with whom he coalesced—the Daley Democrats and Republicans, rarely Powell—but he never would be a beneficiary of their political power. Out of respect for Mikva's brains and legislative skill, Daley reluctantly agreed to allow him to be chairman of the Illinois House Judiciary Committee. Out of respect for Mikva's popularity and distaste for primary election bloodletting, Daley never ran machine candidates against him. Daley may even have liked Mikva a bit for being a good family man (as opposed to what Daley thought most Hyde Park-University of Chicago liberals were). But the Daley organization did nothing to help Mikva move up to higher office, and everything to reapportion him out of his political career. When Mikva decided in 1966 that he wanted to go to Congress, he had to fight the organization again. He lost narrowly, but forced the machine to back him in 1968. He won then with 65 percent of the vote, and with 75 percent in 1970. Then in the 1971 reapportionment, Daley redrew congressional district maps to eliminate Mikva.

Instead of quitting, Mikva moved from the Chicago South Side to Evanston, a northern suburb, and fought for a traditionally Republican seat in 1972. He lost, and this was another case of fate denying him national attention. In previous terms, Mikva had been an increasingly influential member of the House Judiciary Committee. Had Mikva been in Congress in 1974, he probably would have become famous as a key figure during the Nixon impeachment proceedings, but he wasn't. He did return in 1974, winning by 2700 votes. He was reelected in 1976 by 201 votes and in 1978 by 1190. It's a mark of his political effectiveness that he won at all, considering that Republican candidates for senator and governor carried his district by 74 and 75 percent, respectively, in 1978.

Mikva has managed, by brains, energy, acumen, integrity and human charm, to race back and forth to Chicago every weekend to keep his seat in a Republican district and still be the leader of Ways and Means Committee liberals, chairman of the reformist Democratic Study Group, the chief Judiciary Committee proponent of gun control and criminal code revision and a key backer of public financing for congressional campaigns. Mikva manages to be a tax reform, income redistribution liberal, to favor national

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health insurance and oppose oil deregulation, without being a woolly-brained free spender and advocate of government regulation. He is anti-protectionist and a deregulator of industries where the market can work. He wants to prohibit the sale and manufacture of handguns, but he knows that banning possession of them would create a confiscation nightmare. What sets him apart from many liberals, too, is that he doesn't only love mankind; he loves individual people, too.

Now a potentially great legislative career is about to come to an end. His friends will be spared having to worry each election night about whether, or how narrowly, the voters of Illinois's 10th District have maintained their good judgment. The court Mikva will join receives the most difficult and important national legal questions, and often frames the terms under which they are considered by the Supreme Court. No one who knows Mikva has any doubt that he and the appeals court are perfect for each other, but I'd like to think he'll go further than that in his new occupation.

Morton Kondracke

Some invasions are not as bad as others.

Cambodia's Latest Convulsion

by William Shawcross

Bangkok

The immediate cause, certainly the catalyst, of China's invasion of Vietnam was Vietnam's own previous invasion of Democratic Kampuchea. After Chinese action in Vietnam began, many nations, including the United States, linked the two invasions, calling for the withdrawal of foreign troops from all countries in Indochina. This was not acceptable to the Vietnamese but the Chinese welcomed it. China's ambassador at the UN declared on February 27 that "the Chinese government has repeatedly made it clear that we do not want an inch of Vietnamese territory. . . . The question now is whether or not the Vietnamese authorities can also commit themselves to withdraw all their invading forces from Kampuchea."

Well, on March 5 China announced that its mission in Vietnam was accomplished and that the withdrawal of its troops had begun. There was no similar announcement from Hanoi about Kampuchea. Indeed, on that very day the Vietnamese and their Cambodian supporters, the forces of Heng Samrin, captured Poipet, the principal border town with Thailand, and raised their flag by the bridge at Aranyaprathet, the main road into Thailand. If, as some diplomats and "Western analysts" had argued, the Chinese invasion of Vietnam was designed to pressure Vietnam out of Cambodia, it does not seem to have been a success.

The Vietnamese invasion of Kampuchea aroused widespread protest in the West and in the third world. At the United Nations Security Council debate about it, only two countries—the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia—supported the Vietnamese action. The general reluctance to endorse a blatant violation of one country's sovereignty by another was commendable enough. Vietnam's traditional hostility toward Cambodia and its evident ambition to incorporate all of Indochina into a federation dominated by Hanoi make suspicion about its motives understandable. Nevertheless, the principle of territorial integrity is not always applied in such a straightforward manner. Cambodia was invaded once before, nine years ago, without official US protest. And an invasion of Uganda by Tanzanian forces began last month with nary a peep from Ambassador Andrew Young. The rulers of Democratic Kampuchea were not winning any prizes for good government. It seems reasonable to ask, therefore, what the actual effect of the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia has been. The account that follows is based principally on talks with diplomats in Hong Kong and Bangkok, Thai officials, refugee workers, missionaries and Cambodian refugees in Thailand.

Last summer Senator George McGovern caused a minor sensation when he speculated whether the United Nations should intervene in Cambodia. He was appalled, he said, by the well-confirmed reports of brutality perpetrated by the Khmer Rouge leaders of Cambodia against their own people. Those reports also led President Carter to call the Khmer Rouge "the world's worst violator of human rights." The stories brought out by refugees from Cambodia were being loudly promoted by the propaganda machinery of Hanoi. The simmering feud between the two

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communist neighbors and former allies had burst into public in January 1978, when Democratic Kampuchea denounced Vietnam and Vietnam launched a limited attack into Kampuchea. The feud involved ancient rows over the two countries' common border, Kampuchea's perception of Vietnam's desire to "swallow" it, and the clear provocations the Khmer Rouge had offered: constant brutal raids over the border to kill Vietnamese villagers and disrupt the "new economic zones" which Vietnam was trying to establish. "Their purpose" said a senior Vietnamese official, "is to provoke a disease which keeps us always sick." He said it was part of China's plan to debilitate Vietnam.

It became clear last summer that Vietnamese patience was nearly exhausted. The Khmer Rouge leadership, "the Pol Pot-Ieng Sary clique," in Hanoi's words, began to prepare to return to the jungles and mountains whence they had emerged only in April 1975. Phnom Penh and other towns were still only very lightly populated and so preparations for evacuation were simple: all stores of food and ammunition were shifted to the countryside. The Khmer Rouge do not seem to have anticipated the speed with which the Vietnamese would roll through eastern Cambodia and capture Phnom Penh, but a dry season attack at the end of 1978 was considered inevitable. When the Vietnamese captured Phnom Penh on January 7, they found they needed to import food not only for themselves but also for the Cambodian civilians they now controlled.

Ever since, the Vietnamese apparently have had trouble getting supplies. They are short of rice in Vietnam itself. And in their blitzkrieg on Phnom Penh they inevitably bypassed Khmer Rouge positions. At once their lines of communication came under attack. These attacks do not seem to have abated. Through January and early February the Vietnamese had to continually reinforce their positions. By the time the Chinese invasion began, they had 15 or 16 main force divisions, of 1000 men each, deployed in Cambodia, with only six stationed on the northern perimeter of Hanoi.

It is not clear how many men the Khmer Rouge are still able to field—estimates in Bangkok range from 15,000 to 60,000. Their tactics are said to be very successful; they are using the same guerrilla techniques the Vietnamese used against the United States, and thus forcing the Vietnamese to stick to the roads and the towns. In many ways the Vietnamese situation appears similar to that of the Lon Nol government which the Khmer Rouge forced into smaller and smaller enclaves in the 1970-75 war. The Khmer Rouge also are said to be using heavy weapons such as artillery and armor for major battles. They recaptured the town of Takeo for a few days and have staged frequent raids on Phnom Penh's Pochentong airport, capturing supplies and killing defenders. One of those ubiquitous "Western analysts" in Bangkok states with certainty that Russians and Cubans have been killed at Pochentong.

Meanwhile, Cambodian refugees have poured into Thailand, about 2000 in the last month. They are almost all poor peasants from the western provinces of their country. Most are children and most of the rest are women; very few of their menfolk came with them. The women say many of the men are dead. They all tell similar stories about the impact of the Vietnamese invasion upon their lives.

Some of the refugees did not know that the Vietnamese were coming. They simply became aware that, for whatever reason, Khmer Rouge controls upon their village had relaxed, and so took the opportunity to flee into the forests. When the Vietnamese, together with their few Cambodian collaborators, have approached a village, the Khmer Rouge usually have left without a fight. The Vietnamese appear anxious to win the hearts and minds of the people and seem to behave well toward them. They distribute rice and cooking utensils so that families can once again eat *en famille* instead of *en masse*. They also either appoint or supervise the election of new village officials. Refugees give the impression that these changes are widely welcomed, despite the fact that they are imposed by the ancient enemy of the Khmers.

But the Vietnamese apparently are stretched too thin to stay in the villages they have occupied. Invariably they move on, sometimes leaving behind a radio for emergency calls. This is ineffective. The Khmer Rouge then return, discover from spies they left behind what has happened, kill those who collaborated (or were elected to official posts under Vietnamese guidance), take away the food and then force the people to march into the jungle, where the Vietnamese (confined to the roads, like the Lon Nol troops a few years ago) cannot reach them. This pattern seems to have been repeated frequently, at least in the west of Cambodia. One missionary who works with the Khmer refugees (and previously lived for years in Cambodia) conjures up the dreadful image of hundreds of thousands of people trapped in the jungle without medicine, food or water. Another refugee worker estimates that there are now about 30,000 in this plight along the border with Thailand. Most are detained there by the Khmer Rouge; others are simply attempting to flee the Khmer Rouge and the new war.

The Khmer Rouge, however, are only one hazard. The way some foreign refugee workers here tell it, the Thai authorities can pose almost as great a threat to refugees. If they are lucky, refugees coming west may meet little groups of right-wing Khmer Serei (Free Khmer) guerrillas who are based along the border and help refugees through the minefields which both the Khmer Rouge and the Thais have laid. In Bangkok, refugee officials insist that Thai troops either have orders to send Cambodians back into Cambodia (to

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certain death if the Khmer Rouge discover them) or to kill them on the spot. In the last two months almost 3000 refugees have actually made it to Thailand. Refugee officials claim that hundreds may have been killed by the Thais. Many of those who have been allowed across have been subjected to total body searches by Thai troops and have been parted from any gold or other valuables they may have been able to secrete from the Khmer Rouge.

The Thai authorities insist on segregating all those refugees who have arrived since the Vietnamese invasion. They say this is to sift out the Khmer Rouge amongst them. The new arrivals are being detained in a special camp at Trat in southeast Thailand; all foreigners are refused access. But this camp is already full and those to whom I spoke are in a temporary camp at Aranyaprathet, where they are lucky to be under the control of as humane and well intentioned a district officer as one could hope to find.

It is hard when talking to these refugees, especially through an interpreter, to envisage the lives they have had to lead in recent years. Those to whom I talked had tales not of enormous massacres, but rather of relentless cruelty and hardship. One girl said that all the men in her family had disappeared because they were Lon Nol soldiers. All of them spoke of starvation, of unremitting labor and of the terminal disappearance—hands tied in front, pushed into the jungle—of anyone who offended the Khmer Rouge. Almost all of these people were suffering at least from anemia and worms; some of the children seemed much sicker. But they did not speak with obvious rancor; some even made jokes as they told their stories. The impression of Cambodia today is still, however, horrifying.

The Vietnamese are still not secure enough in Cambodia to have allowed visits by Western journalists. But East European reporters have been there and they have recounted stories which, even in the light of all we know about the nature of the Khmer Rouge, are hard to believe. Recently Alan Dawson, the UPI bureau chief in Bangkok, met in Hanoi Wieslaw Gornicki, a Polish correspondent. Gornicki said that the Vietnamese took him to the town of Prey Veng and told him that almost all the 20,000 inhabitants had been massacred by the Khmer Rouge, their bodies thrown into the sewers. Gornicki asked Dawson, "Have you ever heard of liquid bodies? What we saw were the remains, which were just liquified flesh with millions of maggots and worms." Dawson observed that the Poles, allied to Vietnam's ally, the Soviet Union, have reason to exaggerate the crimes of the Khmer Rouge; nevertheless, he believed that Gornicki and other East Europeans were truly shocked by what they had seen.

Understandably enough, the refugees are not clear what they wish to do next. Some say they would return home if Sihanouk were in power again. Others maintain that the prince is discredited by his alliance with the Khmer Rouge. But clearly they regard the Vietnamese as less of a threat than the Khmer Rouge. It is to join the Heng Samrin forces, not the Khmer Rouge, that some Cambodians have gone home.

For almost four years now the Khmer Rouge have run loose in Cambodia, demonstrating their hatred of the Cambodian people. They have caused, at the very least, several hundred thousand deaths. Even though they are now facing extinction and might be expected to cherish more carefully the fish through which they should swim, the reprisals continue. They are still killing and at this moment thousands of peasants are corralled in the jungles, starving to death just so the Vietnamese should not have them. One Western doctor who worked in Phnom Penh before April 1975, who at first welcomed the Khmer Rouge victory, and who has worked with refugees since then, points out that in the last four years Khmer Rouge cadres have become younger and more violent. Pol Pot is trying to create a society with no past, in which no alternatives are possible. He has not yet succeeded completely; the implications of complete success are really frightful.

Some in Bangkok believe that the Vietnamese and Chinese might still come to an agreement over Cambodia, and could arrange the return of Sihanouk. But at the moment Sihanouk would be powerless; he could do nothing to deal with the Khmer Rouge. But if and when the Vietnamese manage to deal with the Khmer Rouge, the prince would have a chance of restoring some sort of order to his country. It is not much of a chance because there are so few people who could help. The Vietnamese are said to be finding it almost impossible to locate any Cambodian administrators or technicians; they have either been killed or are too frightened to reveal themselves for fear of a Khmer Rouge resurgence.

Jimmy Carter probably was right when he called the Khmer Rouge the world's worst human rights violators. So is it consistent to ask that the Vietnamese withdraw and the country be returned to them? Such a call may have a dim strategic logic, above all to provide a buffer between Thailand and Vietnam, but it has nothing to do with the fate of the Cambodian people. In the refugee camp at Aranyaprathet, many Cambodians and those who work with them seem to believe that, however unattractive in principle, Vietnamese imperialism might help Cambodia in the short term. In the long run they maintain that no Cambodia puppet, be he Heng Samrin or anyone else, will always dance to Vietnam's tune. Mao Zedong wrote in his essay on "Contradictions" that the people should make any alliance to defeat its greatest enemy. The greatest enemy of the Cambodian people is undoubtedly the Khmer Rouge. The contradictions between the Khmers and the Vietnamese can wait for resolution; those between the Khmers and the Khmer Rouge cannot.

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Vietnam's trip to the woodshed.

Parental Discipline

by Murray Sayle

Bangkok

"The best test of a punishment," says Dr. Benjamin Spock, the well-known writer on power relationships in their basic form, "is whether it accomplishes what you are after, without having other serious effects. If it makes a child furious, defiant and worse-behaved than before, then it is certainly missing fire. If it seems to break the child's heart, then it's probably too strong for him. Every child reacts differently."

But what about revolutionary states? It was Chinese Vice-Premier and *maximo lider* Deng Xiaoping himself who pointed to Spock rather than Clausewitz as the correct authority to consult regarding China's expedition into Vietnam, when he described the action's purpose as being "to punish," using the expression *zheng fa,* straight from the world of the Chinese nursery, where it does indeed convey the idea of a righteous chastisement, even a paddling, delivered more in sorrow than in anger by a conscientious parent who finally has had enough.

The word *zheng fa* (like practically everything else in China) also has echoes from the remote past. In former times the Middle Kingdom, ruled under heaven by the Yellow Emperor, normally was surrounded to the south and east by a fringe of client states governed with Chinese permission by a *wang,* or tributary king. When, in the immemorial rhythm of Chinese history, a dynasty grew decadent, the *wang* would signal this state of affairs by becoming uppity or downright disobedient.

Every new dynasty worth its place in Chinese history therefore opened its era with a set of vigorous campaigns designed to *zheng fa,* or chastise, the *wang,* tidy up the borders, get the tribute flowing again and generally restore the Chinese world to its accustomed harmony. This job done, the new dynasty would then commence, via the slippery path of pleasure domes, poetry contests and so on, its slide toward a new decadence and, eventually, more trouble with the *wang.*

No new dynasty set about the work with more zest than the Yuan, founded by Kublai Khan, son of the great Genghis. Mounted on wiry Mongolian ponies, the flying columns of the Yuan invaded Russia, Burma and Vietnam, passed through Malaya on their way to Java, and threatened both the Shogun of Japan and the saintly Louis IX of France with invasion and instant destruction unless tribute was forthcoming. (Saint Louis had no idea from whom the demand came—it was signed "The Ruler of the World"—so he ignored it and left instead on his last Crusade.)

The Yuan in time went the way of all dynasties, but their program of punishment is still remembered with a shudder in Asia and Eastern Europe. On Dr. Spock's test, it worked, too: no one troubled the borders of China until the long-nosed foreign devils turned up unexpectedly on the seaward side of the Middle Kingdom, centuries later.

Quite possibly we have just witnessed a repetition of this age-old cleansing rite: an energetic new dynasty setting its house in order. Heaven forbid that the Holiday Inns, Coca-Cola and Chock Full o' Nuts reported or rumored to be on their way to China are the first signs of pleasure domes looming over the horizon, but the rest of the events of the past three weeks certainly seem to fit neatly into the classical scenario.

We may never know for sure exactly what happened in the actual battles. The Chinese may have indeed destroyed three front-line Vietnamese divisions, as they are telling their friends in Hong Kong. Or a thin screen of Vietnamese border troops may have simply waited out the firestorm in their foxholes, as Hanoi claims. No witness of undisputed reliability seems to have been anywhere near the fighting, what there may have been of it. But in any event, we cannot judge the Chinese success or failure until we have decided what they are trying to do. There are three possible approaches to this task.

We can follow Moscow in believing that the Chinese leaders are pretending to be crazy, but in fact are cunning, black-hearted counterrevolutionaries bent on fomenting war between the two superpowers from which they, the Chinese, will somehow wind up victorious, by virtue of the many millions of players they will still have on the board. This is interesting, but hard to prove until it happens, and not much use to us afterward.

Alternatively, we can chart the ever-changing course of Chinese doctrine as enunciated by the equally changeable leadership, beginning with the words of the prophet Mao Zedong and the shrewd emendations of the brilliant Zhou Enlai, and proceeding through the revolutionary romanticism of Mao's abrasive widow, Jiang Qing, to the current no-nonsense approach of Deng and his acolyte (or adversary) Hua Guofeng. (The further complication that the Chinese leaders all seem to have changed their names in the past few weeks has

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been caused by the new official system of transliteration, which we might as well start getting used to.)

Another approach, which at least is easier to spell, is to ignore the twists and turns of dogma altogether and see what the Chinese have actually done to, and with, their neighbors since the triumph of the revolution in 1949, hoping that a consistent thread may be picked out from the tangle, and followed, perhaps, even a little way into the future.

The rear guard of the defeated Kuomintang had scarcely had time to splash out to the getaway boats in 1949 when the Chinese Communists started helping the Vietminh in their flagging war against the French. This was taken at the time as evidence of the world-wide communist conspiracy getting into gear. But a more perceptive analysis might have noted that the Russians had supported Chiang Kai-shek (who might as well keep his old-style spelling) almost up to the end, and the Vietminh were heavily Stalinized (as their successors remain today) and regarded Maoism as a particularly vicious form of the Trotskyism they had managed to wipe out in the Vietnamese underground.

Looking back, it seems clear that the Chinese were against French imperialism (Deng Xiaoping, for one, did his time in a French rubber sneaker factory in Paris during the 1930s) more than they were for the Vietminh's brand of Marxism. Then, late in 1950, the Chinese intervened in Korea and saved the Kim Il-sung regime from a sticky end at the hands of MacArthur and Syngman Rhee. At the time the Chinese were reported to be headed for Pusan, where they would embark in sampans for California. But in the event they invaded, stopped, started again and finally came to a halt just above Seoul, where they vigorously negotiated the redivision of Korea into today's two halves.

In the early days of the Vietcong uprising in South Vietnam, say 1959 to 1965, the Chinese sent a lot of basic guerrilla equipment through the very same passes they used for their invasion last month. But as the Americans began to arrive in Vietnam in strength, and as matching Soviet equipment started to flow to the other side, Chinese aid dwindled and finally dried up altogether. I myself found a Chinese AK-47 assault rifle on an obscure battlefield as late as 1970, the former personal weapon of one Trinh, VC, but it was at least three years old and had seen hard service.

In a way, the events that have followed Vietnam's joining Comecon last summer and signing a defense pact with the Soviet Union in November strongly suggest that it was the Chinese, and not the Americans, who pursued wavering and inconsistent policies in Vietnam, and who lost the war in consequence. Certainly the US looks stronger in Asia without the Thieu albatross, while the Soviets have been able to open a branch office, still very much in business, on China's southern border.

In 1962, there was the Chinese punitive expedition,

drawing by Vint Lawrence

border rectification campaign or invasion of India, with much the same stylized advance, halt and, after making whatever point they were trying to make, stately withdrawal. Over the years, the Chinese have conducted similar forays against capitalists, Socialists and Communists, apparently without either regrets or ideological rhyme or reason.

But all of these campaigns could be described, very simply, in non-ideological terms: every time a strong foreign power has come close to China's borders, the Chinese have reacted violently, generally with a warning but without any attempt at prior negotiation. "Mummy," Dr. Spock writes, "must show she means what she says. It certainly is silly, and quickly destroys all a parent's authority, to make threats that aren't ever carried out. . . ."

If we make an exception of the Indian expedition, we might say that the offense in all cases was the presence of a strong non-Asian power. And even in the Indian case, 1962 saw the beginning both of persistent Soviet overtures to India and of overflights of Indian territory by CIA planes on their way to photograph Tibet, not to mention the provocative eyes the Indians were casting over some square miles of Chinese ice and snow. If this view is correct, the Vietnamese were working up to a trip to the woodshed as early as last summer, and certainly by the time they signed up with the Soviets—and, sure enough, massive Chinese troop movements

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through Canton headed south were reported by visitors as long ago as last November.

Where does communism enter into this scheme? The key here is the celebrated dictum of Lenin (after communist revolutions had all failed in Western Europe) that the road to Paris lay through Hanoi, Shanghai and Calcutta. The thought here was that the weakest point in the armor of "imperialism" was the imperialists' colonial dependencies in Asia and Africa. This was very flattering to Asian revolutionaries trying to complete their revolutionary education in European sweatshops. And this wisdom was reinforced by Mao's discovery that the limited number of industrial workers in Asia were not revolutionary at all, but anxious to join the Asian middle class, whereas the ancient smouldering hatred of Asian peasants for their landlords was drier revolutionary tinder than anything to be found in Europe.

From here it was a short step to Zhou Enlai's concept of the Afro-Asian, the countryside of the world said to be surrounding the reactionary cities, first presented at Bandung in 1954. Ignoring Africa, on which the Chinese seem to have given up, and ignoring Latin America, which they never discovered, we have the interesting proposition that the true bearers of revolution in the world are the peasants of Asia, surrounding the "cities" or, roughly speaking, Europe and North America. China is by far the strongest Asian power, militarily, a point which the Chinese seem anxious to make as often as anyone seems to be in danger of forgetting it.

Thus a very old and a fairly new idea have fused together. China is not only the Central Kingdom, the benign but firm Confucian parent of the fractious children of Asia; China is also the head and heart of the world revolution, the only true inheritor of Marx. To resist China is not only to resist the Son of Heaven, but also to confront that equally implacable force, History.

The enemies who have no permanent place in Asia are thus not only the different shade of imperialists, but also long-nosed foreign devils, who happen to be the same people. This is not to accuse the Chinese of crude racism, but simply to describe the world as they have seen it in the past bitter century. The recent Chinese change of line, apparently so startling, has been simply a transfer of enmity from the imperialists who are going from Asia, or gone, like France and the United States, to the imperalists who are moving in, like the Russians.

Of course, China's scheme for Asia is totally unacceptable to the Vietnamese, who allow neither the primacy of the Central Kingdom nor China's claim that her 800 million peasants are the *masse de manoeuvre* of the world revolution. I cannot remember, during many years in Vietnam, ever seeing a copy of the Little Red Book, except in the hands of a Special Forces man or CIA analyst desperately boning up on the theory of insurgency. On the contrary, the Vietnamese consider that having humbled the United States, the command center of world imperalism, *they* are the sharp end of the revolution and should be so treated in the revolutionary pecking order.

This is not the only failure of communication in the present Asian crisis. China, in fact, never managed to impose the *wang* system of tributary kings along her northern borders, and had to build a wall instead; she never before has had the discomforting experience of a land border with a strong power, let alone a nuclear-armed superpower with tanks instead of Mongolian ponies. By the same rule, the greatest of all the Slav empires never has been at ease without a protective sphere of influence around its own borders.

On the other side of the Pacific there is blank incomprehension about China's recent maneuver. True, the British punished the infant US in 1812, and John J. Pershing punished Mexico in 1916, but no lasting change of heart was induced in either case. To Americans accustomed to fighting for the big causes like liberty or freeing the slaves, there is something abhorrent about the idea of calmly killing people to induce the survivors to mend their ways. Lyndon Johnson made himself notably unpopular by introducing the punitive raid into American statecraft.

Besides, it's bad for business. Holiday Inns, Chock Full o' Nuts and the rest, if they really were thinking of moving to China, must be thinking again. Contrary to popular prejudice, very few capitalists start cheering in their boardrooms when they hear the distant sound of shells bursting anywhere near their investments.

All China seems to have achieved, then, is to assert her right to punish, which no one else seems disposed to allow. "Punishment alone," warns Dr. Spock, "is never the main element in discipline, which is growing up in a loving family." In the smoking ruins of Lang Son it seems a bit late to kiss and make up. A long guerrilla war in Cambodia will endlessly fray Vietnamese nerves (we know the feeling) and they are already bogged down in the balky South, and now stuck with a threatened northern border as well.

Their only hope is increased Soviet aid, which will further irritate the Chinese, with the growing temptation to take Vietnam on another trip to the woodshed. Sooner or later the unsympathetic Russian neighbors will have to take their turn at punishing. "For some parents," Dr. Spock advises, "scolding and punishing [are] only an expression of frustration. They don't have enough confidence in themselves or their children. They need a lot of help from a child-guidance clinic or from a family social agency."

If only, in the big world, such things existed.

Coming:

Paul Robinson: "Why Write?"

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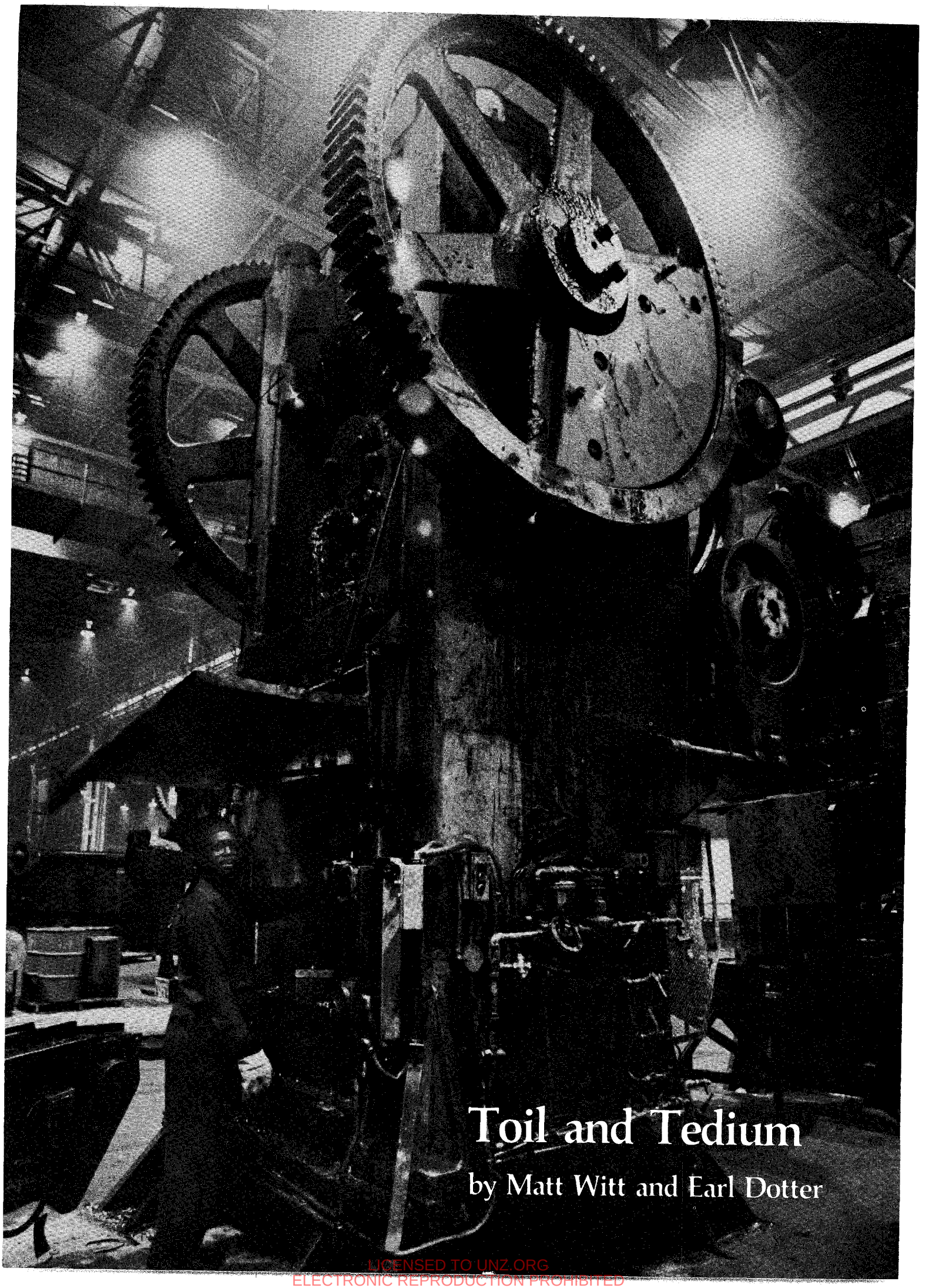

Toil and Tedium

by Matt Witt and Earl Dotter

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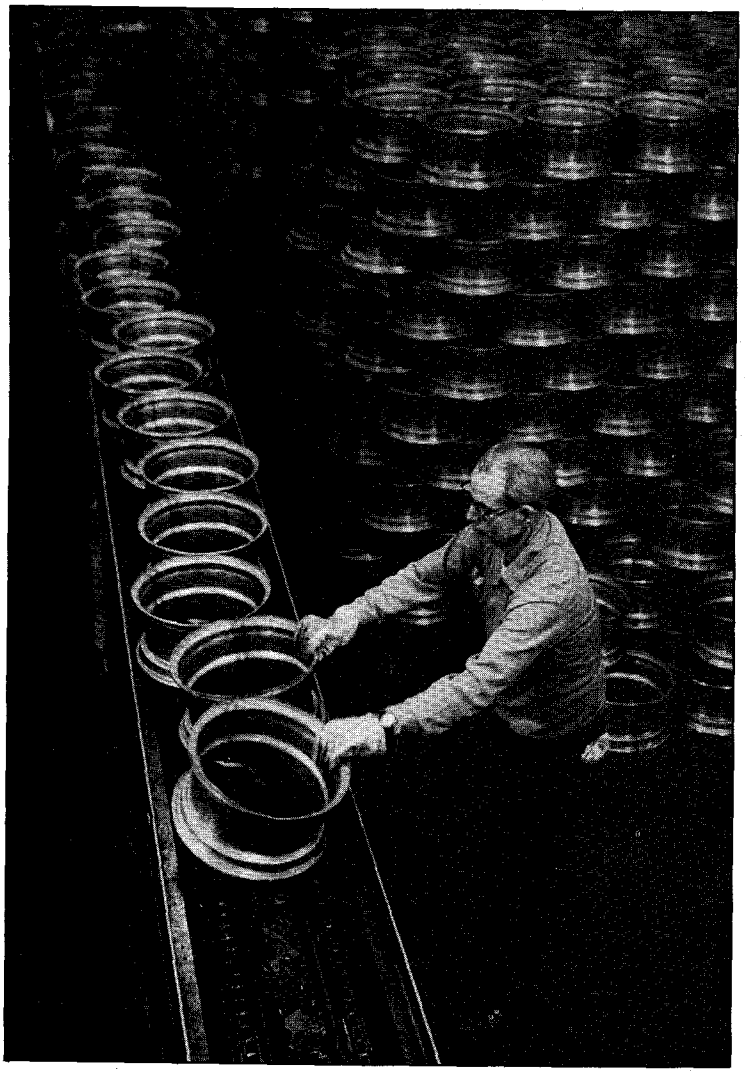
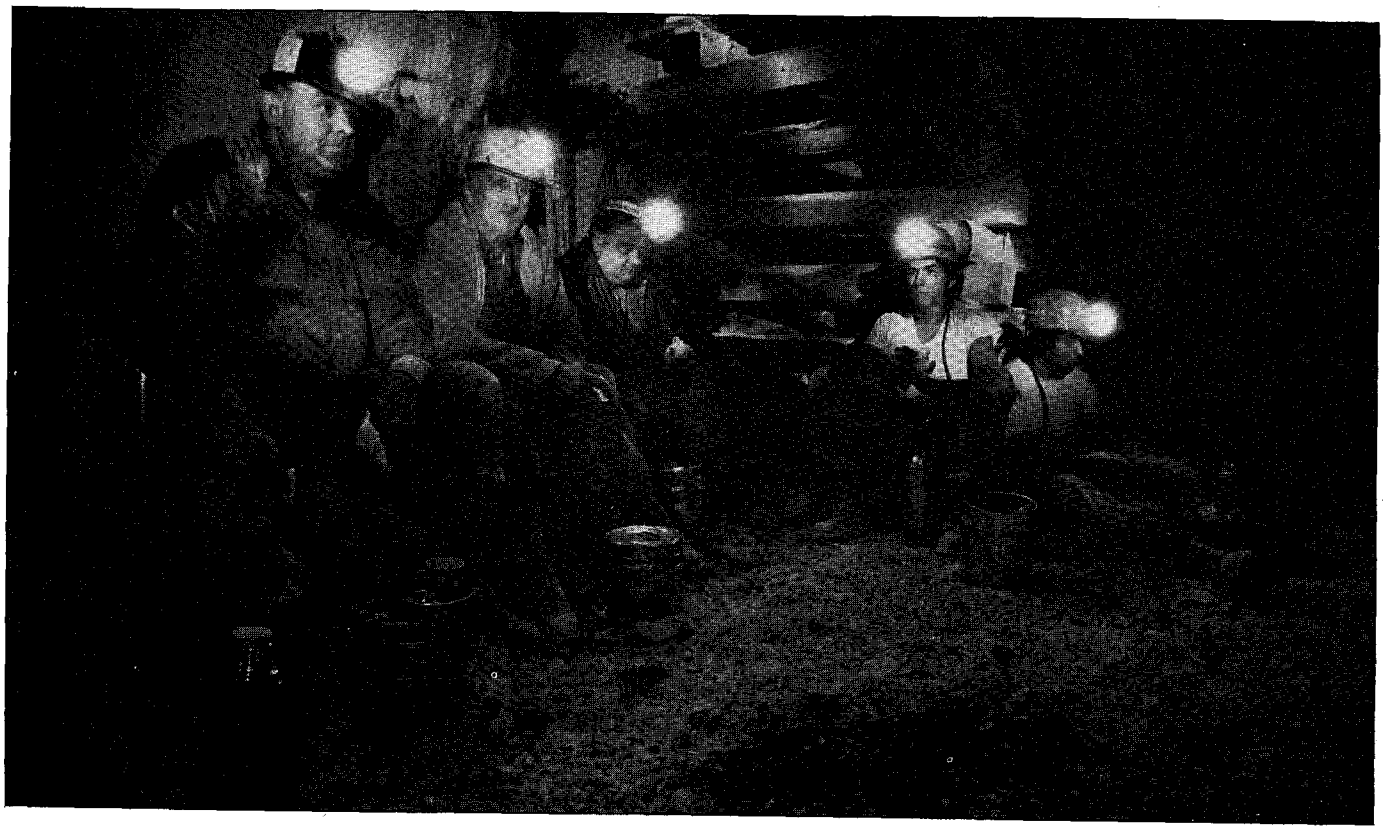


Despite years of publicity about "assembly-line blues," neither government health and safety regulations nor most union contracts with industrial employers seek to limit job-related stress. *On facing page*: The operator of a press shaping wheels for cars and trucks is bombarded with noise and vibration. Noise can put a strain on the heart by quickening the pulse rate, increasing blood pressure and narrowing blood vessels. The federal government estimates that one of every three US production workers is exposed to noise levels high enough to damage hearing. *At left*: A worker in the same plant spends his entire shift putting wheel rims on a conveyor belt. The speed of the belt determines his work pace. *Below*: Coal miners sit in the mine tunnel to eat lunch. There are no tables and chairs or washing facilities. While white-collar workers are able to break their routines with phone calls home and coffee breaks and hot meals outside the workplace, most industrial workers are confined to their work area or to bare, spartan lunchrooms.



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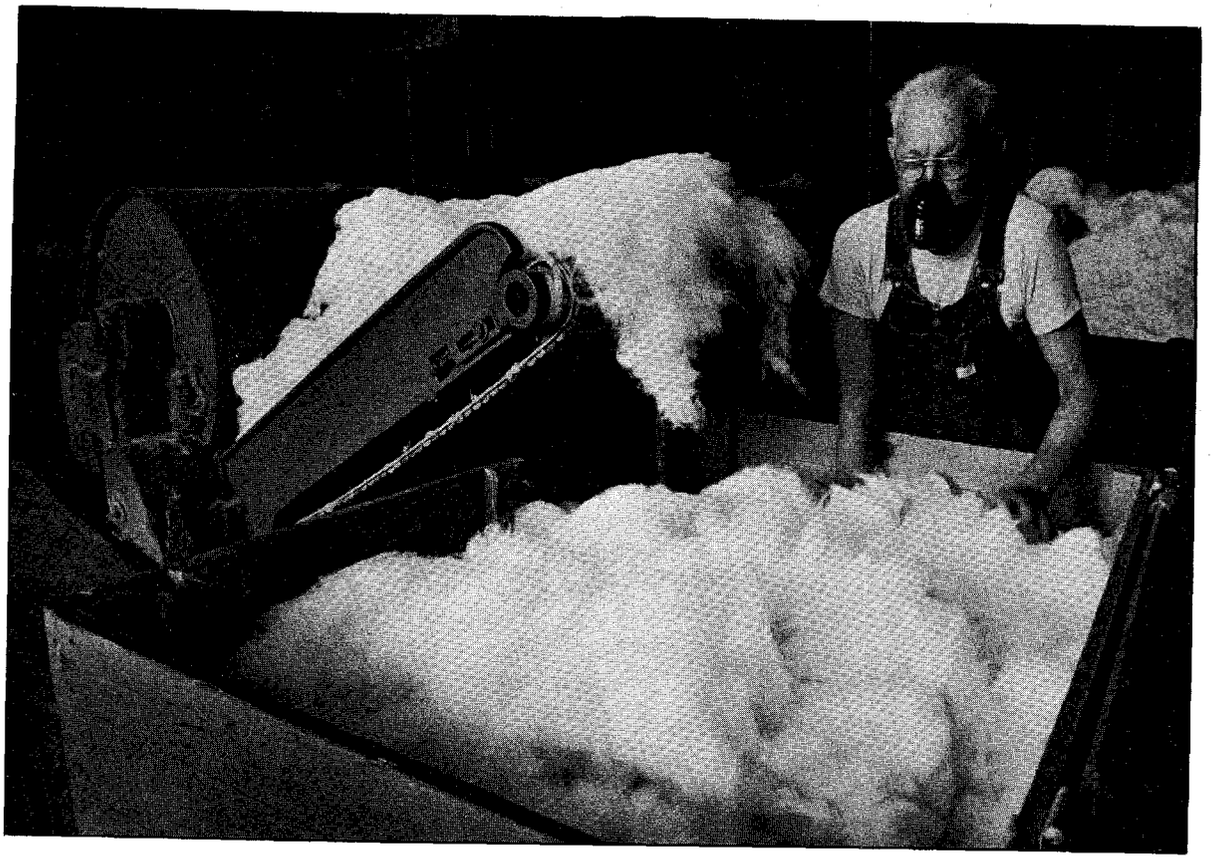

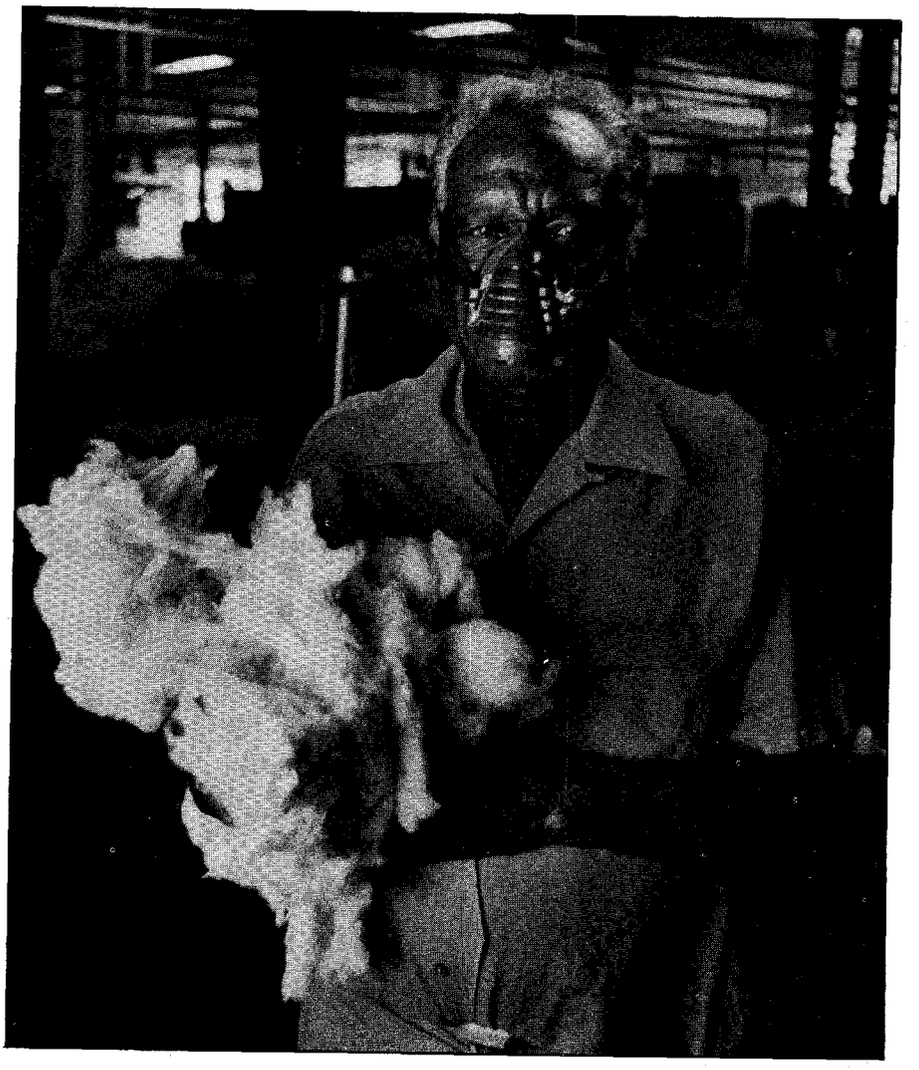

Matt Witt and *Earl Dotter* are the author and photographer of *In Our Blood: Four Coal Mining Families* (Highlander Center, Box 32313, Washington, DC 20007; $6.95). Matt Witt, who wrote the text, is director of the American Labor Education Center and editor of *American Labor*. Earl Dotter, who took the photos, is contributing photographer for *American Labor*. His photographs also appear in *Rise Gonna Rise: A Portrait of Southern Textile Workers* by Mimi Conway (Doubleday). Photo on page 23, bottom, is from *Rise Gonna Rise*, courtesy of Doubleday.

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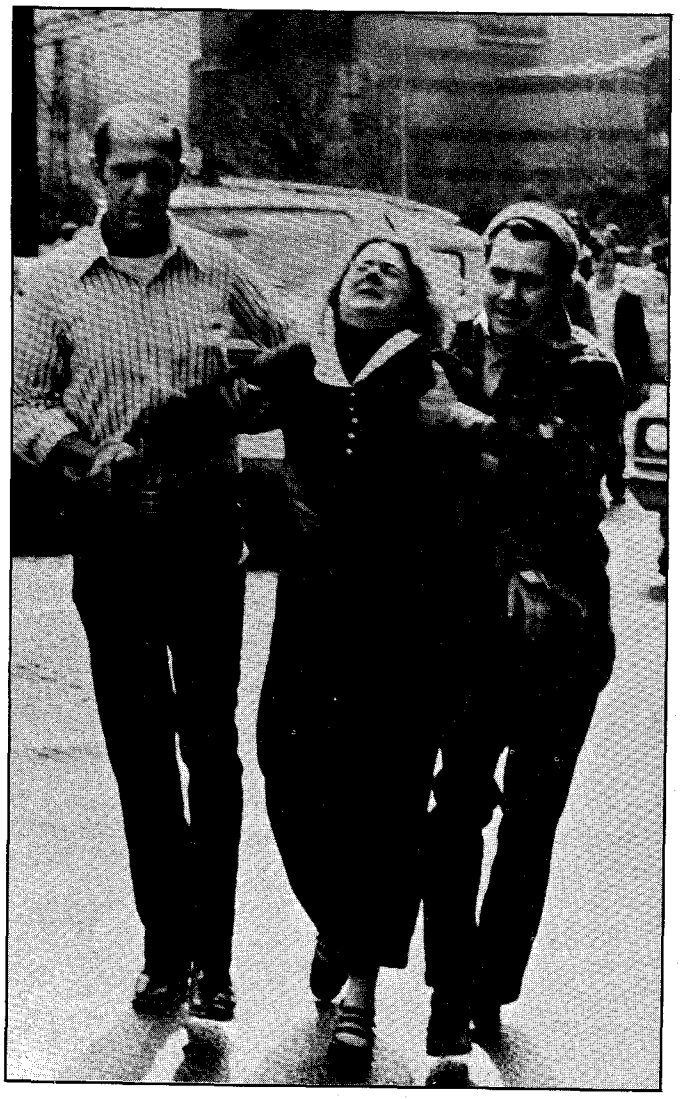

Government agencies estimate that 21 million Americans are exposed to known health hazards on the job. Nearly 40 percent of US cancer cases may be caused by exposure to cancer-causing substances at work. Each year, employers report more than five million occupational injuries. *On the facing page*: Cotton mill workers are forced to wear respirators to protect themselves from irreversible and deadly "brown lung" disease caused by inhaling cotton dust fibers. Such devices can make breathing difficult, especially during strenuous work, and the standardized sizes don't always fit adequately. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration has issued regulations requiring textile companies to use available technology for enclosing production processes to prevent worker exposure to cotton dust, but an industry lawsuit has blocked enforcement of the new rules. *At left*: A Kentucky woman learns that her husband is one of 26 men killed in a mine explosion. *Below*: A cotton mill worker for J. P. Stevens & Co. had brown lung disease by the time he retired. After 28 years' service with the non-union company, he was making $3.40 an hour when he had to quit. He died a year and a half later.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Slay It With Music

Sweeney Todd (Uris) is a monument of misproportion—in a wide cultural sense and in the instance. First, the instance.

The production of this musical is large—an immense setting, a complex score—and it's all invested in a puny 19th-century melodrama, tricked out by modern hands. The process was standard in opera at one time. Who would want to see the play on which *Il Trovatore* is based? But Verdi kept the tone of his adaptation so consistent, took the human elements in the piece so seriously, and supplied music so invigorating of the feeble original, that he created a new and immediate work. In *Sweeney Todd* the feeble original has been patronized, inflated, and badgered: and nothing in the music completes the sketchy drama.

In 1847 William Dibdin Pitt made a melodrama called *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street* out of a popular novel by Thomas Preskett Prest. The play was a hit, and in the 19th century, a hit meant revival in many theaters over many decades. Lately it was re-adapted in London by Christopher Bond, and from the new version Hugh Wheeler drew the book of this musical. Stephen Sondheim wrote the music and lyrics, and Harold Prince directed. (Note: it's only the usual figure of speech to say that Sondheim wrote the music. What he wrote was the piano score, which was orchestrated by Jonathan Tunick. If an artist does the cartoon for a mural that is then finished by others, do we give the first man credit for the whole work?)

Why was this old play chosen? The question ought to be superfluous, and isn't. For grim social comment? This is boldly promised at the start, but the promise is quickly fiddled. For Grand Guignol thrills? Everything scary is so telegraphed and the throat-cuttings (many of them) so much like an abattoire instead of sheer madness, that bored disgust arises, not horror. For macabre humor? Only the attempts at it are macabre.

The real reason, I suppose, is that Sondheim and Prince thought they would be adventurous again. Adventure to them means shopping: for what's "in" outside the mainstream. (*Company*, *Follies*, and *Pacific Overtures* are past examples.) Sondheim and Prince run a kind of Bloomingdale's of musical theater, bringing the chic to the center. Here, apparently, their gelded daring took the form of an urge to create a new *Threepenny Opera*, sort of. To do this job, they—helped by Wheeler—chose a trumpery piece of early Victorian claptrap presumably because it's from the same period as the Brecht-Weill work and because its hero is a poor man mishandled by the powerful. What Sondheim-Prince overlooked was that Brecht-Weill transposed an 18th-century work to the 19th century in order to bite the 20th century. But all Sondheim-Prince want to do is to please the 20th century, while they earn credit-by-association.

They reach hard for that association. The set they commissioned echoes Douglas W. Schmidt's set for the Richard Foreman production of *Threepenny Opera* at the Beaumont in 1976. Schmidt put his show in a great empty warehouse, with a beam stretching across it that could be lowered and with iron wheels up high to pull back a traversing curtain. Eugene Lee's set for *Sweeney Todd* is an empty ironworks with *two* beams high across the stage that roll back and forth on iron wheels, sometimes lowering a catwalk.

After a sanctimonious prelude on an organ in the auditorium, which is never again touched, the show begins with a grim audience-confronting chorus, much like that in Foreman's production and with a comparable opening number: instead of the ballad of Mack the Knife, the ballad of Sweeney Todd. Up through a trap—a valid Victorian entrance—comes Sweeney, and we are promised a single-minded tale of revenge. He's a barber who was transported to Australia 15 years earlier so that the judge who sentenced him could have Sweeney's wife. She then reportedly killed herself, and Sweeney's daughter, now grown, is the lecherous judge's ward. The Demon Barber sets up shop again, hoping to get the judge as customer. Meanwhile he practices on others, especially those who threaten his plan, cutting their throats as he shaves them, then tipping his chair so that the corpses slide down a chute. How it all ends doesn't matter. En route to the end, however, the corpses land in the establishment downstairs of Mrs. Lovett, a vendor of meat pies, who chops them to practical use.

I gather from theater histories that Mrs. Lovett was originally Sweeney's equal in grimness. Here she has been converted into a goofily comic character for Angela Lansbury. The role is thin. Lansbury has to blink and twist her mouth and cock her head—in short, to mug like mad—in order to give it presence. She also has some comic patter songs, but as usual with Sondheim's patter lyrics, they read better than they speak. Lansbury is not always comprehensible even though she is miked and articulates athletically.

Sweeney is played by Len Cariou who,

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Ingmar Bergman directs Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann. A film unchallenged in quality since it came out last year.

California Suite and *Comes a Horseman.* Chiefly to savor Jane Fonda's performances. So if you see one, try to see the other.

The Deer Hunter. Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, and Meryl Streep in a serious, if flawed, work about male rituals in Pennsylvania and Vietnam.

Norma Rae. Labor organizing in Alabama, 1978. Very moving, even though we know more about the problems than the film does. Sally Field triumphs in the title role.

SK

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for me, is Mr. Understudy. Whenever I see him, I feel that the actor who usually plays the part is indisposed. He works hard, sings forcefully, and ends up diligent but dull. I've been watching him since the Guthrie in Minneapolis in 1966 and have yet to see anything but plenty of good intentions with little of grace or command.

Wheeler's tale of revenge, blazoned as another *Count of Monte Cristo*, wobbles badly as he tries to woo us. He padded or sidetracked his book to keep it going for two and a half hours and to rouge it with charm. There are subplots about an Irishman pretending to be an Italian barber, a youth involved with Mrs. Lovett, a romance between Sweeney's daughter and a Jolly Jack Tar. These plots all would have been weak at best, and here they're at worst. All these secondary roles are wretchedly acted and sung.

Some of Prince's staging is moderately graphic, but he simply can't resist living beyond his directorial means. Once *again*—it's the third time this month that I've seen it—desultory action leaks on to the stage before the actual start, while the house lights are still up. (Of course there's no front curtain: do you think Prince is square, for heaven's sake?) Once again supers lounge around the fringes of the stage during the show, watching the action in the center. This décor of actors has become a meaningless commonplace since, at the latest, Peter Brook's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* nine years ago.

Inevitably, of course, a musical rests on its music. Shows with good scores have got by with books and casts not much better than these. Sondheim, side by side or upside down or rightside up, is simply defective in invention. He can supply the necessary changes for numbers like the opening chorus or the patter songs, which are really only matters of mild rhythmic acuteness, music which need not be—and isn't—memorable in itself. But when melody is absolutely required, as in the love songs, Sondheim just spins series of notes, which could just as easily be other notes. He has studied Weill for pungency, for spicy irregularities of stanza, but in Weill those things merely enliven his melodic gift. And that's where Sondheim limps. In the past he has sometimes found one tune for a show—like "Send in the Clowns" for *A Little Night Music*. Here there is none, only failed Weill and failed operetta.

Franne Lee's costumes rightly work for sharpness of line and detail rather than range of color. Ken Billington's lighting is poor: it doesn't do much to mold forms or evoke atmosphere and sometimes just doesn't give enough light.

But the most monumental misproportion in the whole affair is the size of the Broadway maw—which is what the vast size of the Uris stage suggests—chewing away at true ideas and genuine art, chomping them down to salable bite-size. Once again the upper and lower dentures, clacking away, are named Sondheim and Prince.

It may sound pat, after the above, to praise a small inexpensive show. I risk it happily. Three years ago the First All Children's Theater got a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts to commission a playwright. The theater's director, Meridee Stein, commissioned Elizabeth Swados, now known for *Nightclub Cantata* and *Runaways*. Swados made a musical from her book for children, *The Girl with the Incredible Feeling* and called it *The Incredible Feeling Show*. It's the perfect title. There's a cast of 55, aged six to 17. One of them is the Girl, and another is a girl who plays her Incredible Feeling. It's a long while since an hour and a quarter in the theater has passed in such sheer delight.

Swados's songs, a few of them reminiscent of her past works, are ingeniously based on pop forms. Stein's direction, Linda Reiff's choreography, and Mavis Smith's scenic pieces could not be improved. Those of the performers under the age of about 13 enjoy themselves marvelously in quite complex numbers, and thus give us enjoyment. Above that age we watch talent display itself, but since it really is talent, that's enjoyable too.

The Girl loses her Incredible Feeling because of the world's intrusion, then finds it (her) again. She does it every Saturday and Sunday, twice each of those days at 2 and 4 p.m., until April 15 at 37 West 65th Street, NYC, (212) 873-6400. If you're in New York during the run, even without children, take a plunge into a pool of bubbles.

Jim Miller on pop music

Some Future

The erotic authority of Little Richard, the acrobatic dexterity of Chuck Berry, the bemused sexuality of Mick Jagger, the arrogant energy of Bob Dylan, above all the innocent pleasure in mastery shown by Elvis Presley amid the mayhem of his first televised triumphs—all this was made vivid again in the finely picked images that comprised *The Heroes of Rock and Roll*, a special aired on February 8 by ABC-TV. Yet the parade from past to present aroused mixed feelings. Exhilarated once more by the immediacy of Presley, I was doubly depressed by the dreary professionalism of Fleetwood Mac, the stale showmanship of Elton John, the nervous posturing of Bruce Springsteen. The juxtaposition of these later clips with the earlier ones only threw into relief the calculation and shallowness of most rock in the 1970s. Heading into the last half hour, the host informed us that "as the 1960s came to an end, the optimism of Woodstock began to sour. . . . But what kept rock going in the 1970s was great groups." He should have been more honest. In the 1970s, there are no longer heroes of rock and roll.

This may seem unfair. Yet whatever their musical talents, performers like Fleetwood Mac, Elton John and Linda Ronstadt project either an unsatisfying aura of canned charisma, or no aura at all: in the large arenas where they play, they seem dwarfed, unimpressive. Even Bruce Springsteen acts like a self-conscious imposter, as if he had spent

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too much time in front of a mirror figuring out how to look heroic. And Elvis Costello, currently the most vital performer in rock, too knowingly plays the sardonic and self-deprecating victim to qualify as a world conqueror. The distance from Presley to Costello is the distance from James Dean to Woody Allen.

In the 1970s, there are only anti-heroes and "platinum acts." When an album sells one million or more copies, it is awarded a platinum disk. People in the record business—an industry that, in the last few years, has become more profitable than either television or movies—seem to think that anything less than a platinum disk is some kind of indecency. In a recent interview in *Rolling Stone*, a senior vice-president for sales and promotion at Warner Brothers explained that:

> *[t]oday, the average cost of producing an album is between $100,000 and $150,000. To send an artist on tour we have to support that tour. We have to bring [press and radio] people into the clubs, pay for their drinks and food. We have to advertise the artist's appearance in the club and the fact that he has a record out. We have to put out posters and other merchandising aids for stores. Unfortunately, sometimes we go out and spend this money and the record doesn't sell.*

The idea is to pick sure-fire new acts, break them quickly, get them out of the clubs and into the arenas, and sell as many records as possible, preferably a million or more. Avarice draws its own morals. According to a spokesman for CBS records, "it's not enough to have a hit single to break an album. That only means sales of 300,000 to 500,000 copies. We're looking for platinum, and that requires marketing."

Against the backdrop of this omnipresent and increasingly centralized corporate machinery, some critics have cast about restlessly for a figure who fits their idea of a new hero: someone able to surmount the established routines, someone willing to flout the caution of corporate calculations. Their search for new heroes began early in the 1970s. Candidates have included the New York Dolls, Bruce Springsteen, Graham Parker, the Sex Pistols and Elvis Costello. Some of these failed to command popular attention, a fatal flaw. Others got attention, but only with the help of record company hype, a fault especially damaging when the aspiring hero too obviously lowers his sights to meet standardized expectations.

Of course, it is worth remembering that Elvis Presley arrived in New York City with Colonel Tom Parker, one of the greatest hucksters in the history of show business. But the Colonel, who cut his teeth working concessions for the Great Parker Pony Circus, dreamed of scams scaled to the eccentric ambitions of a self-made impresario. To the end, his idea of marketing was to stand by himself outside of the halls where Presley appeared, selling glossy photos of the idol. Who needed middlemen? Now, hawking heroes can be crass—Presley's career is the proof—but it isn't the same thing as marketing platinum.

photo of Johnny Rotten

The difference involves getting the public to believe that the world's best hamburger is made in Tupelo, Mississippi, rather than flooding the country with hamburger franchises.

But the search for new idols continues, and critics aren't the only ones doing the looking. If writers want something to cheer about, record companies have an understandable interest in made-to-order mythology. So the desire for heroes lingers, despite the growing implausibility of the wish: in the 1970s, to want to be a hero is, almost inevitably, to become instead a mere "platinum act," prepackaged, marketed and dwarfed, just like all the rest. Yet to appreciate the lure of this desire, as well as its risks, is to begin to understand why the Sex Pistols and Elvis Costello—and, more generally, "punk" and "new wave"—have had such an impact, however indirectly, on rock in the late 1970s.

Among the diminishing number of my friends who still listen seriously to rock, and certainly among my critical colleagues, there is a virtual consensus that rock and roll in the last couple of years has undergone a major renewal. The annual critics' poll conducted by the *Village Voice* produced the front-page banner headline "Triumph of the New Wave." As if in counterpoint, on February 2, the news came that Sid Vicious, once a member of punk's premier band, the Sex Pistols, had overdosed on heroin, shortly after being released from prison on bail; the previous fall, he had been accused of murdering his girlfriend. The wire service obituary didn't give much evidence of triumph: "When the Sex Pistols finally reached the United States [late in 1977], their tour was a flop. They drew small crowds and bad reviews."

II

What was punk, what is the new wave, and why did serious listeners respond enthusiastically while the wider American audience largely ignored this new music?

If punk died on Friday, February 2, 1979, it was born on Friday, November 6, 1975. That was the day the Sex Pistols played their first concert, at a British art school. Offended by the caterwauling of the band, the social secretary of the school pulled the plug, cutting the concert short after five minutes. Punk begins with a confrontation: its medium is hostility, its aim to shock.

In Britain, punk became a battle cry, a rallying point, an expression of resentments rooted in class differences. A drop-out at 16 and briefly a janitor, Johnny Rotten, self-professed antichrist and lead singer of the Sex Pistols, almost singlehandedly invented punk as an incendiary happening. The Sex Pistols blew the boards clean: into the space they cleared stepped others, most notably the Clash. In New York City, the movement found antecedents in the New York Dolls, allies in hard rockers like the Ramones, and fellow-travelers in avant-gardists like Television, Talking Heads and Patti Smith. But where the New Yorkers were older, cooler and artier, the British punks were young, angry and hell-bent on fame, assaulting the pop scene head on, polarizing listeners and prompting righteous warnings about renewed teen barbarism. What in America remained an artifact of cult interest, in Great Britain quickly became a cultural battleground. English leftists hotly debated the revolutionary merits and neo-fascist vices of this

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violent music, while American record executives converged on London to see whether punk could be profitably exported.

If, in context, punk was a gesture of defiance that defined a style of life, out of context and simply staring at lyrics, its point seems deceptively clear.

When there's no future
How can there be sin
We're the flowers in the dustbin
We're the poison in your human machine
We're the future
Your future
God save the Queen
We mean it man
There is no future
No future for you
No future for me.

Those are the words Johnny Rotten sings on "God Save the Queen," one of the few transcendent moments of rock and roll in this decade. Yet listening to the record, it's virtually impossible to tell what the lyrics are, and it doesn't even matter, because the whole exhilarating, shattering, nihilistic message is condensed in the brute fact of the music's unforgiving presence.

In the great anthems of British punk—"God Save the Queen," "Anarchy in the U.K." by the Sex Pistols, "White Riot" by the Clash—the lyrics are spit up from a roiling mass of guitars, globs of venom from the bowels of a viper. Intentionally abrasive, the sonorities sabotage any glib response. Beside the immediacy of the sound, the lyrics are mere accessories. The gale of noise is so harsh that these records often produce an overwhelming sense of claustrophobia in unprepared listeners. "God Save the Queen" and "White Riot" are not records that accommodate indifference. To surrender to their raw power, though, is to find serenity amid the tumult: listening to punk is not without its moments of catharsis.

If punk guitarists hurl aural barbs, while the bassists thump spasmodically and the drummers limn the meters of disorder, the vocalists either squall or mince. Some follow Johnny Rotten, who commands an arsenal of primal screams, an unrelenting mode of expression that begins where Little Richard once climaxed. Others follow David Byrne, lead singer for the Talking Heads, who affects an eviscerated singsong more evocative of an idling robot than an uncontrollable antichrist.

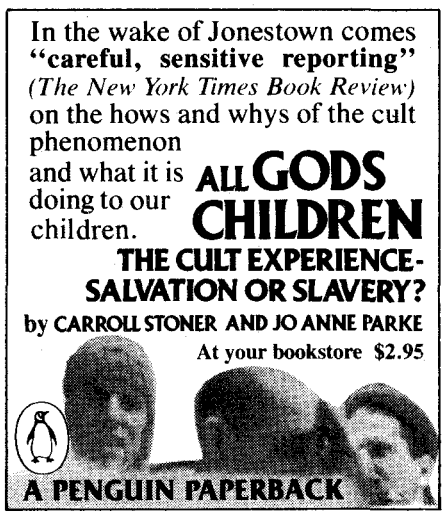
Whatever path its vocalists take, punk is vehement, a music of measured virulence. It arose at a time when rock had become "good music" played by platinum acts. It revolted against musical expertise as well as the corporate machinery of pop. In doing so, punk radically reaffirmed rock's democratic promise: in Sly Stone's phrase, "everybody is a star." Yet for the punks the promise was simultaneously a threat—of the unstoppable return of the repressed, an angry mob of mutants converging on Metropolis. The sock hop of the 1950s and the love-in of the 1960s were replaced by dress balls for discards, a community of demonstrative outcasts to complement the show on stage. In a setting which blurred the line between spectators and performers, flashy freakiness assumed an erotic significance, while the ritual display of destructiveness evoked a perverse heroism: the charisma of the social casualty. Within this community, the exchange of abuse offered proof of solidarity.

By design, punk is not easy. One of the Clash's British singles has a symptomatic label indebted to Roy Lichtenstein: it depicts a smoking comic-strip pistol aimed directly at the viewer. By its sheer volume and cheerful violence, this agit-prop pop relentlessly pummels its audience. It is meant to force involvement. When punk works, it bypasses thinking judgment to tap a more visceral vein. And that, paradoxically, makes punk peculiarly demanding, an artifact that cannot be held at bay through cerebral detachment, a "popular music" that averts almost all the pop formulas for entertainment. Even the essential rock clichés about fun are blown apart with a gruesome irony that makes hedonism sound like a pretty bad bet. Pauline Kael has recently noticed among "more discriminating" moviegoers a fear of films that too graphically depict violence. We could just as well talk about a fear of punk.

But what has killed punk is not only its difficulty, or even its self-inflicted wounds. From the outset, it struck a stance enmeshed in contradictions. To the extent they became big stars, the Sex Pistols and the Clash inevitably compromised the radicalism of punk's democratic promise. For a movement that claimed to flout the canons of corporate commercialism, the competition for contracts with big record companies proved peculiarly keen. Independent labels showed unusual resourcefulness in enhancing the exchange value of their commodity: limited pressings, colored vinyl, and a variety of picture sleeves made punk records instantly collectible. Even worse, the use of rock to shock quickly became predictable, and hence not very shocking. In punk as in dada, *épater le bourgeoisie* works only once; by the second time, cynicism sets in.

These contradictions define the limits of punk. Faced with them, Joe Strummer, lead singer and lyricist for the Clash, tries bravely to sound hopeful. "We've got loads of contradictions for you," he recently boasted to an interviewer. "We're trying to do something new; we're trying to be the greatest group in the world, and that also means the biggest. At the same time, we're trying to be radical—I mean, we never want to be *really* respectable—and maybe the two can't coexist, but we'll try." Yet perhaps the most serious contradiction isn't even the one between ambition and rebellion: in rock and roll, that's a story that starts with Elvis Presley.

Far deadlier is punk's atavism. Since refinement and style are perceived as props for social control, punk's showy musical luddism entails a stubbornly static form of rock conservatism. The anti-art conventions of punk become an obligatory code even more constricting than those initially rejected. Yet despite its proud display of primitivism, punk is peculiarly "arty." In the spirit of self-conscious minimalism, it makes a statement that solicits interpretation rather than merely providing a thoughtless diversion. But since artistry per se is suspect, the conventions of punk don't invite bold departures or virtuoso self-expression. The musicianly ingenuity of Elvis Costello—the surprising harmonic modulations in his songs, the audacious intervals in his melodic lines—disqualifies him as a punk. To quote *Sluggo*, a punk fanzine published in Austin, Texas, Costello's new album "Sucks. Out loud. Elvis Costello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tastes Mass Acceptance. He wants it, maybe he'll get it. He can go to hell."

It is no surprise that a little punk goes a long way. Once past the great recorded landmarks—a handful of singles by the Sex Pistols, the Clash and a few others, like the original versions of Magazine's "Shot by Both Sides" and Devo's "Jocko Homo"—punk is notable primarily for its high-energy trashiness. At its brightest, with bands like Wire and the Ramones, it's a kick. At its bleakest, with a band like Pere Ubu, it is disarming and disturbing—a mirror held up to post-industrial decay. But on the average, punk is mainly monotonous. Stripped out of context and reduced to the minimal conventions communicable on a recording, most of it is about as challenging as Star Trek reruns.

On the other hand, punk's contradictions are only those of rock writ large. Faced with the appalling post-hippie *Zeitgeist* expressed by singers like Joni Mitchell and Jackson Browne—"survivors" all too eager to let us know they've decided to grow up—punk restored a cutting edge to pop, without indulging in the sodden pyrotechnics and tedious swagger of Led Zeppelin and Bad Company. It has reminded a new audience that rock and roll is about chancy fun as much as carefree escape, and it has restored some meaning and feeling to a music gone flat.

In its passion, politics and will to power, punk belongs to the mainstream of rock and roll. In the dead ends into which it has obstinately driven, it merely exposes the predicaments of rock in the 1970s. At a time and in a field in which the opportunities for uncontrived heroism seem all but foreclosed, punk staked its claim to authenticity through self-immolation. Its conceit was its glory, its triumph a form of suicide—all things considered, a tough act to follow.

III

Yet that's just what the new wave of post-punk bands is attempting to do. Right now, the most striking among them has to be Elvis Costello and the Attractions. A composer who combines playful cunning with a sense of purposeful economy, Costello is also a bandleader of brilliance, fronting a trio unafraid to improvise improvements. Watching them perform recently, I was impressed all over again. The Attractions are a band primed to deliver savage readings of "Big Boys," "Lipstick Vogue," and a version of "You Belong to Me" that bristles with a cocksure pride equal to its model, the Who's "My Generation." Pete Thomas may be the best drummer in rock since Keith Moon. Costello himself is a singer of surprising nuance, a master of staccato phrasing willing to wield a seductively soft vibrato like Dionne Warwick with fangs. A figure of disturbing spitefulness, he tempers his rancor with irony, expressing a paranoia alive to the absurdity of it all—not a sentiment unworthy of our times. "Who put the fingerprints on my imagination?" he asks in "Green Shirt."

Thanks largely to an unexpected amount of airplay on "album-oriented" rock stations, *Armed Forces*, his recently released third album, is on its way to becoming his first big hit in America. CBS, his record company, expects it will "go platinum." But so far, Elvis Costello is nobody's fool when it comes to playing out fantasies of rock heroism. In the concert I saw, he introduced his first encore by commenting that "things on the radio have changed since my last visit. They have gotten worse." He then sang "Radio Radio," a jeremiad against the spineless pop played on most radio stations. His target still exists. But it is also clear that his kind of music has become a popular force here.

Will Elvis Costello survive his newfound popularity? Or will he make more "accessible" albums, perform in larger arenas, and allow himself to be prepackaged, marketed and dwarfed, just like all the other platinum acts? It's too soon to say. But this much is certain: the new wave has arrived—and, for the moment, Elvis Costello is the one riding it.

Books Considered

Dubin's Lives
by Bernard Malamud

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10)

Bernard Malamud sometimes gets obscured by flashier American writers. He isn't a formal innovator, he doesn't construct what one might call fictional "fortresses," those huge novels bristling with erudition which have intimidated critics and readers alike. He isn't "zany" or exquisitely sensitive or grandly perverse. But he writes superbly most of the time, at least as well as any living American writer of fiction, and time will pardon him for violating the categories.

For he does do that, and reviewers, whose categories they largely are, are often uncomfortable with him because of it. His narratives, which we are told ought to be shapely and lucid, are often lopsided and indistinct. He can be abrupt, impatient with the demands of plot without being willing to scuttle plot altogether; so he'll take shortcuts. His situations sometimes fail wholly to convince on sociological grounds—*The Tenant* is an example—and his tense, loving, troubled appreciation of life, with its concomitant of occasional desperation, can lead him to sentimentality, an excess of willing; *The Fixer* suffers from that. In short, he isn't a tidy novelist, but loose and erratic, someone struggling.

But how well he writes! His great gift is that of using language so as to bring about the narrowest possible spaces among experience, thought and utterance, to come as close as one can to eliminating the discrepancy between experience and its recovery as literature. This near unity of instrument and object results in a quiet eloquence, a nearly inaudible one at times, since to be determinedly eloquent is to weight language toward a celebration of itself, with a consequent diminution of actuality. And Malamud's fiction, even the seemingly fantastic short stories, is one of actuality, which is to say that it esteems and mourns what exists, without wishing to add to it. He is a realist in the sense Dostoevsky was, a writer true to the structures of experience.

I find all this necessary to say because there are things wrong with Malamud's

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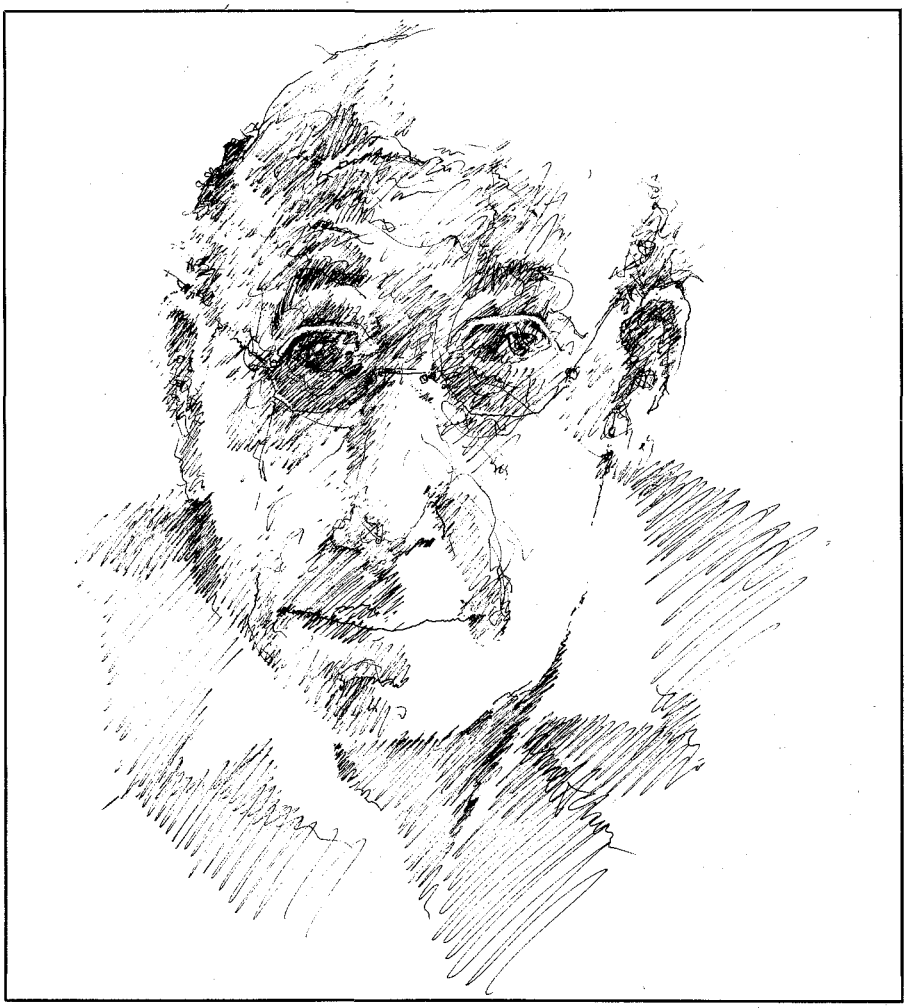

drawing of Bernard Malamud by David Schorr

new novel, *Dubin's Lives*, but I don't think they matter. They are malfeasances only from the perspective of an educated, reasonable notion of fiction, a notion of elements in their proper relation: plot, structure, style, everything in balance, everything "convincing," no room for dubiety, incompleteness, disjunction. But it isn't through satisfying a pre-existing set of standards that fiction triumphs. The "felt life" of Henry James's dictum is what counts: life sensed deeply, made conscious, within such structures as are necessary for its more or less rough shape. The best fiction spills over, protrudes: heretical as it may sound, the best fiction has nothing much to do with the critic's categories.

To *Dubin's Lives*, then. Malamud's title is double-edged, referring on an immediate level to the fact that his protagonist is a biographer who has written lives of Thoreau, Lincoln and Mark Twain, and more poetically to the divisions within his own being. He is at work now on a biography of D. H. Lawrence, an understandable though troubling subject. For at the heart of Dubin's condition is a Lawrence-like yearning for the flesh, for its wisdom and power, and yet Lawrence, with whom he can identify that far, was a man who wove myths around himself, was impotent at 42, was enormously complicated and in certain profound respects inaccessible. The novel concerns Dubin's struggle to write the biography while undergoing the violence of his own movement toward self-realization.

A man in his 50s, he lives with his wife in a small New York town near the Vermont border. Settled, methodical, a man of habit, he has a solid literary reputation, thinks of himself as a good if not daring writer, and believes that "all biography is ultimately fiction" but also that "the thousands of lives I've read and the few I've written . . . would make the difference between badly and decently knowing. I thought I would know, at my age, what to do when I had to." The reflection rises from his having fallen overpoweringly in love with a girl of 23, an event which sets everything in motion toward the seeming reversal of a proposition he had earlier stated: "One writes lives he can't live."

For in his hunger for the renewal of spirit and provisional redemption from the fact of aging which the girl affords him Dubin finds himself embattled with his book, the "fiction" he is attempting to create about Lawrence. He is blocked for long periods, most radically after the girl has broken off the affair and all his consciousness goes into the conflict between a craving for it to be restored and self-hatred for ever having begun it.

> *What a mad thing to happen. What a fool I am. It was the having I wanted more than the girl. Who is she to me? She doesn't deserve the feeling I give her. See what I've done to myself. I'm like a broken clock—works, time, mangled. What is life trying to teach me?*

The image of the clock is an exact one, for what life is trying to teach him is the truth about time, its erosions, its duplicities, what is recoverable from it and what isn't and, above all, how one can outwit it and how one can't. The affair resumes, breaks off again, is taken up once more. Through this turmoil Dubin grows more and more estranged from his wife, who is like the past incarnate, time with its obduracies presented to him in her person. After one convulsive crisis in which Dubin comes close to destroying himself, an equilibrium is reached; he becomes able once more to work on his book, the girl

"...it's a thriller..."
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Garry Wills, winner of the 1978 National Book Critics Circle Award, is back with his first work of fiction, "At Button's."

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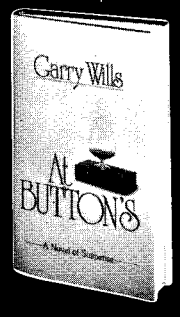

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and he are united, the rest of his life beckons. And then, in a denouement which seems at first wholly arbitrary and unconvincing,Dubin leaps from her bed, "holding his half-stiffened phallus in his hand," to return to his wife "with love."

I say this seems arbitrary, but its rationale quickly becomes apparent. Malamud isn't telling a conventional story about adultery or middle-aged desire. If he were he might have gone on to prepare the reader for Dubin's reversal, but his impatience with the requirements of plot leads him to finish it right there, with a leap. For the real story has already been told and the point isn't whether or not Dubin stays with the girl, whether or not the affair will "work out," a question that would be at the heart of a more sentimental tale—or even a more soberly naturalistic one. The point is that things have been completed, such knowledge as time grants has been attained; Dubin's "lives" are now essentially one. As a kind of postscript there is a list of "Works by William B. Dubin." They include the Lawrence biography and several other new books: Dubin has gone on, worked, the fiction has completed itself in the future.

Instead of being a defect, then, the ending is a bold stroke, unacceptable only to those who judge fiction by its immediate psychic or social plausibility, whereas Malamud's credibility establishes itself on a deeper level. Still, the book does have some real flaws. Dubin's and his wife's daughter and her son by a previous marriage are minor but imperfectly drawn characters, or rather they are overdrawn. The boy is a deserter from Vietnam who ends up as a reluctant Soviet agent, the girl is into half-baked mysticism and becomes pregnant by a black man three times her age. Too much: they seem created simply to add to Dubin's existential woes. A more subtle deficiency is in the use Malamud makes of the biography of Lawrence, who is not quite the presence he ought to be. But these things have little weight against the force of the entire fable, the beauty of the writing throughout.

Near the beginning of the book there is the following line: "The leaves, if you touched them, were drying." A little further on there is this: "He followed the flight of a crow elated to know who was flying." And in another place: "They [the things Dubin forgets] fell like raindrops into a stream—go find them." These seem to me elegant examples of Malamud's mastery of the rhythms and nuances of Jewish expressiveness, a syntax he has of course long since assimilated into a much more universal mode of fictional discourse.

In the first sentence the key lies in the two commas: the noun is set off from the conditional action, and then follows the fact about the noun, like an accomplishment brought about by the "if." In the second line the beautiful word is "who" where we would expect "what." Here is friendliness, a we're-all-in-it-together stance, a genial granting of equality to all God's creatures. The "go find them" of the third sentence exists wonderfully in its shrugging homely concession to the impossible and its mood that opposes the precision and sobriety of the physical image.

But almost everywhere the writing is keen, adventurous: "They wrestled in her narrow bed, she with her youth; he with his wiles." There are little set-pieces, detached from the main narrative but offering changes of light:

> *On the road a jogger trotted toward him, a man with a blue band around his head.*
> *He slowed down as Dubin halted.*
> *'What are you running for?' the biographer asked him.*
> *'All I can't stand to do. What about you?'*
> *'Broken heart, I think.'*
> *'Ah, too bad about that.'*
> *They trotted in opposing directions.*

And there is a new, superb sense of nature, of natural beauty, but not so much described as recovered in its rhythms:

> *Winter broke, retreated, cold waning although greedily lingering; spring was immanent—tied hand and foot but softly exhaling its herbal breath, mysteriously freed, spying out—stalking—the land as well as memory. Spring lights spring within. My spring giving birth to yours—to you.*

Malamud is seldom this lyrical. One of his great strengths, in fact, is his ability to move the reader by an alternation of tones, a subtle passage from statement to evocation. The world of his fiction emits a glow of consciousness; things making themselves known, gamely, lovingly. No other writer we have celebrates so well the hard-earned nobility of the literary imagination as it makes its conquests.

Richard Gilman

Richard Gilman is a former literary editor of *TNR* and the author of *The Making of Modern Drama* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

The Nature of Mass Poverty
by John Kenneth Galbraith

(Harvard University Press; $8.95)

Who can doubt, as the 20th century moves to its close, that one of the overriding problems facing us during the next 20 years will be the question of world poverty? It is also an intractable problem, or at least a good deal more intractable than it once seemed.

Twenty years ago economists, particularly American economists, believed they were in possession of the answers. What was needed to eradicate poverty was capital and technical know-how. When in 1956 the Eisenhower administration stepped up its aid program, it confidently predicted that the result would be to raise productivity in non-communist Asia by one-third over a period of eight years. Instead, as we all know, the gap between rich and poor has widened since 1956, instead of closing; and the widening gap is the problem we are left with today. It could be an explosive one.

The reasons why the calculations of the Eisenhower administration were so disastrously wrong are cogently set out in Professor Galbraith's new book. Members of that administration were bemused, in the first place, by the alleged imperatives of the cold war and misled by the false analogy of the Marshall Plan. They deceived themselves about the real causes of poverty, assuming that what worked for the United States and for Western Europe would work in the totally different circumstances of Asia and Africa. The surprise is not that it didn't, but that anyone thought that it would. But, as Professor Galbraith puts it, "if

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action is imperative"—and in Mr. Dulles's opinion the Soviet economic offensive made action imperative—it was necessary to "make the cause fit the action." Or, since what the United States had to offer was capital and technology, lack of capital and technology must be the cause of backwardness. "The remedy included the diagnosis."

The essence of Professor Galbraith's argument, supported by his experience as ambassador in India, is that this way of proceeding was bound to produce a wrong diagnosis. On that score we can go with him most, if not all, of the way. As a critic, Professor Galbraith writes with his customary verve and wit; but it also has to be said that his book is more persuasive on the negative than on the positive side. For my taste at least, it reads a little too much like an elegant academic exercise, rather than a confrontation with the real world which, any day now, may blow up in our faces.

Professor Galbraith's central thesis is that there is an inbuilt tendency in poor countries to "accommodate" to poverty, and that this makes nonsense of many current prescriptions. In particular, he seems (without specifically mentioning it) to be questioning the concern of Robert McNamara and the World Bank with the millions in Asia, Africa and Latin America trapped in a hopeless, debilitating state of "absolute poverty." No doubt they deserve compassion. But action, if it is to be effective, should concentrate not on them, but on the "non-accommodating" sectors of the population: on those, in other words, who flee the countryside for the city, who leave agriculture for industry, and above all on those who opt with their feet, abandoning Mexico (for example) for Texas or Bangladesh for Birmingham, England. These, Professor Galbraith assures us, are the people "best prepared for rescue." It sounds, for my taste, a little too much like a new variant of the notorious "lifeboat" solution.

Professor Galbraith, it will be seen, has little use for the currently orthodox development strategies. Land reform is frustrated by "the equilibrium of poverty"; industrialization is "an unpredictable design," "highly uncertain" both in "time and magnitude." His own solution, produced rather like a rabbit from a conjuror's hat, is migration. We have, apparently, to envisage millions of people crossing frontiers, legally or (more probably) illegally; and all will be well—or, at any rate, a lot better. "One must surely rejoice," he apostrophizes, "in the discovery of a remedy for poverty where no one, those involved or those affected, can, in the fullness of time, be deemed to have lost"!

It is a surprising argument, to say the least, and it would take another essay, as long as Galbraith's, to analyze its assumptions and its alleged historical justification. But that is scarcely necessary because, all other criticism apart, it is surely obvious enough that migration can at best touch the margin of the problem. If, for example, the population of India is approximately 600 million, how many millions of Indians would have to emigrate before there was any significant impact? And what is the practical possibility of emigration on this scale? Mr. Callaghan and Mrs. Thatcher know the answer; and so, no doubt, does George Meany.

Part of Galbraith's argument is that Callaghan and Thatcher are wrong. In other words, that the prosperity of Western Europe—and the same applies to the United States—is (or was) due to the import of Turkish, Yugoslav, Spanish, Puerto Rican helots. And that it was good for them. (Did Professor Galbraith ever visit one of those appalling shantytowns outside Paris or Frankfurt?) "The economy," Professor Galbraith writes, "grows with the labor force." This, no doubt, is economic orthodoxy; but what about when, as at present, the economy obstinately refuses to grow? Then, Professor Galbraith tells us, employers "cut their labor forces." In other words, the Turks etc. go home. A nice solution for European businessmen and American agribusiness, but not much of a solution to the question of poverty in the underdeveloped third (and fourth) world.

In the end, it is true, Professor Galbraith hedges his bet. Migration, he concedes, is not the "only" or even the "principal" solution. The trouble is that, if you subtract this "old and evident answer," all you are left with in Galbraith's analysis is the conclusion that mass poverty is "a tightly integrated phenomenon"—or, in plain English, a complicated, many-sided problem—which, besides being a platitude, is no answer at all. Or at least it is not an answer that is going to still the rising discontent in the underdeveloped world, and its demands for action. Professor Galbraith's book is urbane and civilized. The question is whether the time for urbanity and

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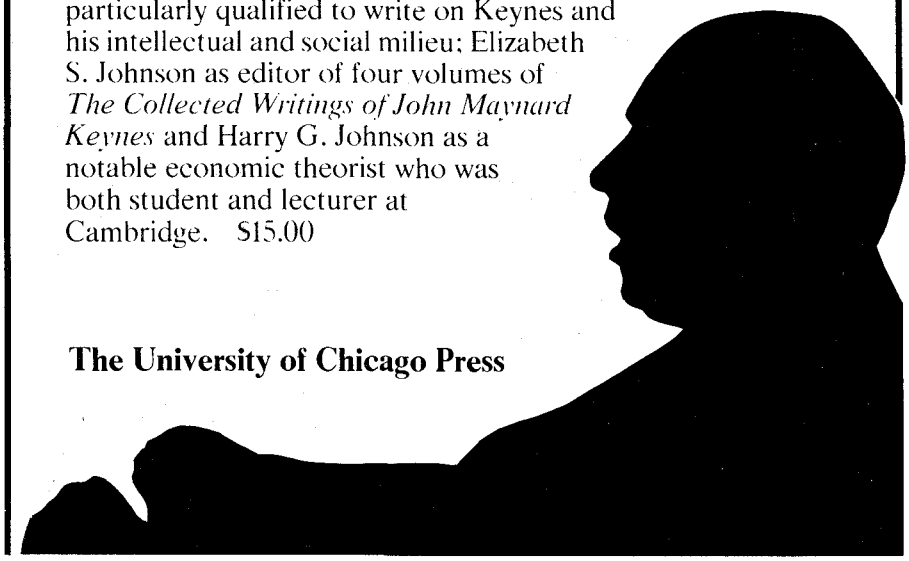

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civilized detachment is not running out.

Bismarck, I fear, as so often, was right: the answer will come, not by analysis and debate, but by blood and iron. At the moment, there is a lull in the relations of rich and poor. The confrontation which looked as though it was coming to a head in 1975 has not materialized. But that does not mean that it has vanished into thin air, only that it has gone underground. For me, the most memorable statement in Professor Galbraith's book is a quotation from C.T. Kurien. Mass poverty, Kurien says, "is a reflection of the total malfunctioning of the economic order." His words raise an issue which Professor Galbraith deftly sidesteps. But we must not expect the poor countries and their leaders to do likewise. Their demand for a New International Economic Order may, or may not, be muddled and inconsistent, as Western economists argue. That is not the point. The point is that it is there as a challenge, today, tomorrow and the day after.

We do not know the future and all prognostications are bound to mislead. What we do know—recent events in Iran are evidence enough—is that expectations once raised will not easily be stilled, and that the revolution of rising expectations is bound, if disappointed, to give way to a revolution of rising frustrations. It is pointless to ask when and how the poor countries will seize the initiative. What is only too obvious is that the existing international disorder, which becomes more blatant every day, will provide opportunities enough; and when they seize the initiative, we may be sure that the injustice of mass poverty—which, in the end, is a moral and not an economic question—will be the driving force behind their demands. Not tomorrow, perhaps; perhaps not even the day after; but irrepressibly and ultimately inevitably—even if, in the process, as may well be the case, the heavens fall.

Geoffrey Barraclough

Geoffrey Barraclough is professor of history at Brandeis University and editor of the recently published *Times Atlas of World History* (Hammond).

Regulating Safety: An Economic and Political Analysis of Occupational Safety and Health Policy by John Mendeloff

(MIT Press; $15)

When one sits, as I do, in academia and observes the academic debate on a given public policy question and debates on the same question in the political world, one is impressed by the gap between them. To scholars, the political debate often appears simple, with neither side really getting the issues "right." To political participants, the terms of scholarly debate appear abstract, even weird. Sometimes the two worlds exist in self-contained capsules, and pay each other little heed. Other times they interact. If people outside academia are interested in a topic, that concern can spur academic interest. And the broad conclusions of scholarly research can in turn influence the debate in the political world.

The scholarly involvement in the national debate about government health, safety and environmental regulation is a good example of what I mean. Political interest has encouraged academic interest (partly because the attention of scholars may be gained in the same ways that of other citizens is gained, and partly through the mediating mechanism of availability of research funds). The scholarly involvement in the debate is especially significant for another reason: it typifies an emerging dominance by economists in areas of public policy research where previously they had been little involved. Economics now competes with toxicology and epidemiology as the leading scholarly discipline informing national policy on occupational safety and health. John Mendeloff's analysis of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) is one of a number of studies of this controversial area which sees things through economist eyes.

The political debate over OSHA has involved talk of inflation and costs on one side, and death and suffering on the other. Business and conservative critics have pointed to the costs of OSHA regulations, accused them of feeding inflation, and suggested that they may cause job loss by forcing firms out of business. Labor and liberal defenders have pointed to the serious problems workers face from exposure to chemical and accident hazards. Supporters of occupational safety and health regulation answer the critics by arguing that the regulations contribute only insignificantly to inflation and that few jobs appear to have been lost. Furthermore, the defenders reply, it is wrong to focus attention exclusively on the costs of regulation, because OSHA regulations provide benefits as well (fewer lost workdays and lower medical costs), but even more fundamentally because "you can't put a price on life." Opponents of occupational safety and health regulation reply that they don't oppose regulation stringent enough to assure safety, but that OSHA regulations require protection that is costly, but adds nothing to safety—say, by requiring maximum exposure limits to chemicals which are lower than those needed to protect against ill health.

Economists approach the field from a radically different analytic framework. "Safety," that is, reduction of risk of injury or disease, is a good to economists which, like other goods, has both a value and a cost. Successive reductions of risk cost successively increasing amounts. The more we spend on safety, the less we have to spend on other goods. How shall the "production" of occupational safety and health protection be determined? To economists, the ideal way would be without any government intervention at all, through market mechanisms. Workers and employers meet at the marketplace when the latter have jobs to offer and the former have labor. If a worker has to choose between two jobs that, for the sake of argument, are similar in all respects but the increased hazards in one of them, the worker will not choose the hazardous job unless he is paid more money (a "risk premium") for taking it. Such worker demands in turn, to cite Mendeloff's formulation, "induce employers to undertake safety measures that would be

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successful enough in reducing hazards to pay for themselves in reduced wage premiums." Thus, voluntary exchange between workers and employers in the marketplace, assuming the conditions of perfect competition, can produce what economists call an "optimal" level of protection against occupational risks. All this has occurred without government intervention. If workers demand very high premiums for risky jobs, employers have an incentive to decrease the risk and so lower the extra wage they would have to pay. Thus, high levels of protection might arise without government intervention—if that's what workers themselves want.

The leading analyses by economists of occupational safety and health policy—those by Robert S. Smith of Cornell, written for the American Enterprise Institute, and by Albert Nichols and Richard Zeckhauser of Harvard, undertaken for a Senate committee and appearing in *The Public Interest*—start off with this framework. So does Mendeloff, although he is somewhat more critical of it. These accounts proceed to deal with some of the ways the real world does not correspond with the model, but the model still dominates the author's policy prescriptions.

The most important way the economist sees the real world as not corresponding to the model is that workers don't have perfect information about job hazards—particularly health hazards. To the extent that workers don't know how dangerous it is to work with betanaphthylamine, they are in no position to demand compensation for exposure. But this doesn't, as Mendeloff notes, necessarily justify government *regulation*. The government could simply provide workers with information about hazards, and let the marketplace take over from there. Many economists believe that any government intervention beyond this is undesirable. Those who believe that information-provision is too costly and concede that OSHA must set regulations for exposure to chemicals, nevertheless argue that the level of protection OSHA mandates should reproduce as closely as possible the level the marketplace would have come up with if it had functioned perfectly. This can be done by trying to discover from other economic transactions what people are willing to pay to reduce assorted risks, and by mandating a level of protection which provides the greatest excess of benefits over costs. Thus the conclusions most economists draw put them firmly in the camp of those who criticize OSHA (and, by extension, the other health and safety regulatory agencies) for "over-regulation."

The economists' *arguments*, however, as opposed to their conclusions, don't fit neatly into the terms of anybody's political debate. Economists might agree that OSHA regulations contribute only marginally to the inflation rate—and still believe them unjustified if the costs exceed the benefits (as measured by what the workers concerned would have been willing to forgo to obtain them). Economists might scoff at contentions that OSHA regulations require reductions in exposure levels to chemicals lower than necessary to assure safety—and still believe them unjustified because they don't believe that levels should be as low as OSHA puts them, even if higher levels would increase the risks workers run. Above all, though, economists rabidly denounce the view that "you can't put a price tag on life," arguing that we implicitly do so every day, and that to fail to do so makes rational public policy analysis impossible—even though the contention of OSHA defenders that one shouldn't put a price tag on life is one of the few statements regarding occupational safety and health policy which most business and conservative critics *don't* dispute! Still, as long as we have conscious governmental policies to deal with aggregate conditions like rates of economic growth, inflation or unemployment, we will have economists playing an important role in the formulation (and criticism) of such measures.

II

It is important to dismiss quickly two common, and flawed, criticisms one hears about the involvement of economists in research in areas like occupational safety and health. One goes something like: "All economists can help us know about is how much something costs. That's too narrow a way to look at a problem like x." ("X" here refers to some area like occupational safety and health.) As can be seen from the above discussion, microeconomics is at bottom a philosophical system for looking at the world. Economists are concerned with what things cost because cost is reflective of scarcity, of the insight that we can't have all of all good things ("there's no such thing as a free lunch"). But microeconomics provides tools for analyzing public policies in terms far more sophisticated than the businessman's simple com-

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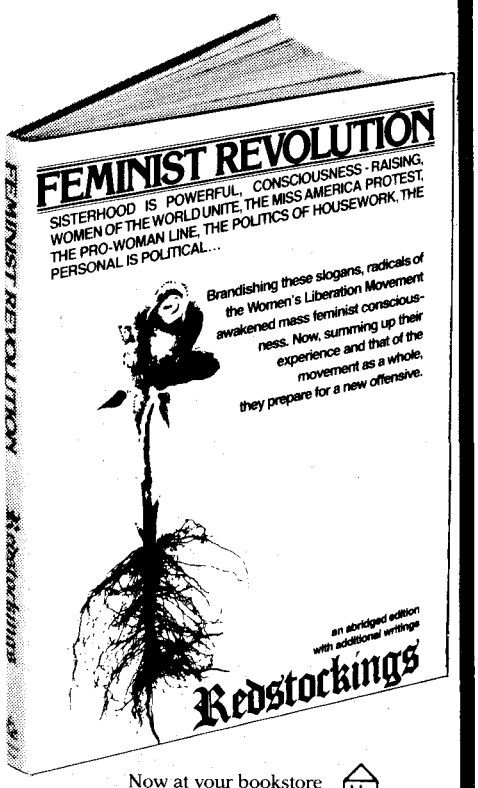
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plaint, "It costs too much." A second criticism goes something like: "If economists can't even predict the inflation rate, how can we trust what they say about x?" This criticism confuses the largely separate domains of macroeconomic and microeconomic theory. Macroeconomics deals with the aggregate performance of the economy, including such areas as fiscal and monetary policy. Microeconomics deals largely with the determinants of prices and outputs in individual markets, and provides the analytic framework for economists' discussions of occupational safety and health regulation. There is no reason on the face of it why problems with one body of theory must imply problems with the other. Second, although microeconomic theory is partly in the business of making predictions, it is also in significant measure, as the account above also illustrates, a *normative* theory of how the world *should* be, what good public policy *would* be.

Microeconomic analysis and its application to public policy questions must be taken on at a more fundamental level. One must begin with its cornerstone notion of voluntary exchange (e.g. the employment relationship, where a worker exchanges his labor for a wage and package of working conditions). Economists regard voluntary exchange as a superior ethical method because it produces "by definition" results where both parties are better off (or else they wouldn't have made the exchange voluntarily). As ethics, this is dubious. Few would grant a moral cachet to a situation where a man refused to throw a buoy to a drowning millionaire unless the millionaire agreed to give him all his money, although both parties "agreed" to the exchange and can thus be presumed "better off" after it was made (the millionaire will not drown). Many would argue that the exchanges workers "agree" to have little greater presumptive moral cachet. The economist would respond that the multiplicity of employers competing for labor render the comparison with the single man with the buoy incorrect—that a single employer might be in a position to take advantage of a worker in an employment exchange, but that the multiplicity of employers guarantee the worker what he is worth, the same way a multiplicity of bidders for throwing the buoy at the millionaire would guarantee the millionaire the best possible price for his rescue.

There are two responses to this. The first is that, even ignoring the problem of unemployment, there are job search costs borne by the worker. To obtain this multiplicity of employer bids the economist imagines, one might, for instance, have to travel all around the country, and finally move to wherever the "best" job turned up. These costs create a range for one-on-one bargaining of the type in the buoy-millionaire example. As long as the terms the worker is offered in such one-on-one bargaining are not less than he expected to receive from his full search, minus his search costs, the workers will bargain with one or a small number of employers, and the difference in bargaining power between himself and the employers can produce a contract whose terms reflect their unequal bargaining power. The second response to the economist is that *even if* the worker got the "best he could" in an exchange where he had many employers to choose among, the best a person with few endowments is able to get might not be very much. If a handicapped person, say, really is able to produce only 50 cents an hour worth of goods, that doesn't mean there is no argument for his getting more than 50 cents, if not through his employment contract, then through social provisions. What this criticism suggests is that the result of exchanges in the marketplace ought not be the last ethical word on social outcomes. This view lies at the heart of the notion that occupational safety and health regulation is a way of redistributing benefits to workers, of assuring working people the "right" to workplaces not significantly more risky than those where the rest of us work.

John Mendeloff's book is valuable in that it provides an account of policy-making in the occupational safety and health area which is essentially from an economist's point of view, but which recognizes the limitations of that point of view. Thus Mendeloff includes an excellent discussion of how the economist's mania for placing a money value on lifesaving fails to recognize the fact that while we may "implicitly" in our private economic transactions put a dollar value on lifesaving, when we think explicity and socially in the political sphere, we may decline to do so, as a social statement of our reverence for life. Mendeloff also provides suggestions for reforming OSHA policymaking which are, for most part, well-taken, and which display an admirable sensitivity to considerations of organizational feasibility and political acceptability.

Mendeloff does not succeed, however, in sufficiently freeing himself from the microeconomic paradigm. But this, perhaps, makes his book suitable for the reader who wishes to be exposed both to the paradigm and to some criticisms of it. Expose ourselves we must, because analyses based on the microeconomic model are now cropping up in the most diverse areas of public policy analysis. And expose the economists we must, if we are to defend the gains of the welfare state against the winds that would make us a colder, harsher land.

Steven Kelman

Steven Kelman is an assistant professor of public policy at the Kennedy School of Government and author of the forthcoming book, *Improving Doctor Performance* (Human Sciences Press).

The Printing Press as an Agent of Change: Communications and Cultural Transformations in Early-Modern Europe by Elizabeth L. Eisenstein

(Cambridge University Press; 2 vols., $49.50)

Of gunpowder, printing and the compass, the profane trinity that made Europe modern, printing has the most legitimate complaint of a bad press. There are literally entire libraries explaining the post-medieval development of Europe and its impact upon the non-European world in terms of wars and explorations. But there appears to be a conspiracy of modesty on the imperial

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progress of the printed book. Professor Eisenstein has set out to rectify this pattern of neglect.

Her two volumes represent an extensive survey of the recent literature on the three major intellectual and social movements of the period 1400-1700: the Italian Renaissance, the Protestant Reformation and the Scientific Revolution. Ms. Eisenstein examines the major hypotheses as to their causes and progress, and reassesses them in terms of the impact of printing and its products.

It should come as no surprise that she finds the printed word to be the decisive factor in every case. Why else would she have written so long and exhaustive a book? There is no mistaking this book's ambitions. It undertakes a reassessment of the origins of modern civilization. The list of scholars whose insights and conclusions Ms. Eisenstein strives to amend is an impressive one: Burckhardt, Panofsky, Weber, Kuhn—to mention just a few. The charge brought against them is relentlessly the same: that of emphasizing the intellectual content of the phenomena in question and of neglecting the physical apparatus through which that content was fixed and disseminated. For Professor Eisenstein the critical element of "modernity" is the accelerating acceptance of printing as a means of recording and circulating ideas in an accurate and accessible form. The proliferation of uniform editions running into the thousands liberated literature from the vagaries of individual scribes and the perils of the unique copy.

"Everything in this world," wrote Mallarmé, "exists in order to end up in a book." Professor Eisenstein echoes this matter-of-fact observation in supernatural tones. What for Mallarmé is a natural consequence of the pellucid—if print be the light of day—order of things, seems to Eisenstein to be a miraculous redemption. "Everything in this world," she appears to be saying, "is subject to corruption. If it be not printed, it perishes." Before printing, gradual decay was the natural course of objects and events. The press subverted nature and conferred a kind of immortality on the works of man. Viewed in this light, it was a truly revolutionary development.

What we have here in a somber, scholarly, methodical form is an evangel of literal redemption. Professor Eisenstein begins with a description of the pre-print era of "scribal culture," a condition of earthly mortality where libraries relentlessly shrank and where individual texts became progressively more inaccurate. The written book was a record of man's radical intellectual incapacity. To copy was inevitably to alter and to corrupt. Manuscript production was an effort of bare survival rather than an act of communication. All these evils were vanquished by the printing press.

It is a measure of the physical difference made by printing that more books were printed in the 50 years following Gutenberg's invention than were copied in the thousand years preceding it. But the change was more than one of simple quantity. Printing made it possible to introduce the notion of accuracy on an organized basis. It did not make any kind of sense to have an expert traveling all over Europe to review every manuscript copy of a given text, but it was eminently practical to have one present at the press to go over the proofs of an edition that would run into hundreds of printed copies. Eisenstein's book attempts to translate this quantitative shift into intellectual terms. The proliferation of texts made a given book just one of the many bits of evidence to be applied, abetted by personal observation, to whatever the subject in question happened to be: were it the examination of individual consciences, celestial movements, or classical literature. The Almagest of Ptolemy became just another combination of sidereal observations, a particular codex of Virgil, one more version of the *Aeneid*. The emphasis shifted from the copyist's handwriting to the scholar's critical faculties.

Oddly, the author's firm belief in the revolutionary consequences of the printed book has led her to some rather reactionary conclusions. It is the technique of the book and not the mind behind it that really makes the difference. There is, following her arguments, no great intellectual leap between late Medieval and early Renaissance Italy. It is only with the advent of printing that things really change. She finds the Renaissance vastly overrated, and ridicules the notion that quattrocento scholars revived classical literature. Vitruvius, she points out, has come down to us in at least 78 medieval manuscripts. He could hardly, therefore, have been discovered by Poggio in 1416. But that is to miss the

David Rittenhouse Inglis

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GET IT AGAIN

In 1978 I write something about how
happiness and sorrow are intertwined
and I feel good, insightful, and it seems
this reflects some healthy growth of spirit,
some deep maturation—then
I leaf through an eleven-year-old notebook
and spot some paragraphs I wrote in 1967
on Keats' "Ode on Melancholy" which
seem to say some of it better, or
almost better, or as well though differently—
and the waves roll out, and the waves roll in.

In 1972 I often ate rye toast with peanut butter,
the toast on a blue saucer beside my typewriter,
I took huge bites between paragraphs about love and change;
today it's a green saucer, cream cheese, French bread,
but the motions are the same and in a month or so
when the air is colder I'll be back to my autumn snack,
rye toast with peanut butter, an all-star since '72 . . .
I turned around on sidewalks to stare at women's asses
plenty of times in the Sixties and
what do you think will be different in the Eighties?
In 1970, mourning an ended love, I listened
to a sailor's song with a timeless refrain,
and felt better—that taste of transcendence
in the night air
and

and here it is in 1978, the night air, hello.

My journalist friend explains the challenge
of his new TV job: you work for a week
to get together one 5-minute feature,
and then
it's gone—
vanished into gray-and-white memory,
a fading choreography of electric dots—
and you're starting it all over,
every week that awesome energy demand:
to start over

In 1973 I played hundreds of games of catch
with a five-year-old boy named Brian.
Brian had trouble counting so we practiced
by counting the times we tossed the ball
without missing. When Brian missed
he was on the verge of despair for a moment
but I taught him to say
"Back to zero!" to give him a sense of
always another chance. I tried to make it sound
exciting to go back to zero, and eventually
our tone was exultant when we shouted in unison
after a bad toss or fumble
back to zero.

In 1977 I wrote a poem called "Repetition Rider"
and last winter I revised it three times
and I thought it was finished.

point. Vitruvius may have existed in many manuscripts, but it was after Poggio and before the invention of printing that Leon Battista Alberti read him critically, objected to his obscurities and imperfections, and was stimulated to write his own treatise on architecture. Similarly, Valla and Poliziano applied an unprecedented objectivity to the reading of classical literature, composed reasoned explanations of where and how the manuscript tradition had gone wrong, and went on to take personal and contentious credit for such insights. All this had nothing to do with printing.

Professor Eisenstein's argument here is akin to the assertion that had the Americas not been where they were, Columbus would have disappeared into history as one of the innumerable navigators who went off the deep end. As a matter of fact, the Americas were there, and the Italian Renaissance did take place, and that made all the difference. The convergence of quattrocento learning and German printing in 1465 had an explosive effect. The press took on a role far different and much more radical than anything in the records of the earlier 15 years of purely German printing would have led us to expect. An examination of the catalogues of surviving incunabula makes this difference clear. There was no apparent intellectual excitement along the Rhine. The earliest German presses were job-printing shops for the ecclesiastical establishment. The list of titles—Bibles, Psalters, Indulgences, Latin Grammars, textbooks on Canon Law, etc.—gives the impression that the new technique had been immediately accepted by the church bureaucracy and smoothly integrated into its routines.

The books published immediately upon the introduction of printing to Italy present a thoroughly different picture: the corpus of classical literature, the church fathers, works of current theological and philosophical speculation and controversy: the groundwork, in short, for what we take to be the representative Renaissance mind. The most surprising revelation is the odd affinity early printing in Italy shows for the source works of neo-Platonic polytheism and hermeticism. This pagan strain, whose investigation is still in its infancy, runs through and seems to unify Renaissance thought, early printing, and the scientific revolution.

It is not simply that Italian printing is different in content from its northern counterpart. It is different in form and even in spirit. Italian printers, whatever their national origins, developed a set of typefaces and layout principles strongly influenced by models of Roman epigraphy. As the prefaces to the early editions make clear, their books were consciously designed to be conveyors of antique culture, through which, the humanists were convinced, the world would be born anew.

There is no reason to believe that printing was inherently a force for

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"It's not like writing," says my journalist friend,
"where your work is permanent—no matter how obscure,
written work is durable. . . . That's why
it can grow—you can move beyond
what you've already said."

Somewhere I read or heard something good
about what Shakespeare meant in *Lear*
when he wrote: "Ripeness is all."
I hope it comes back to me.

I see myself riding
the San Francisco subway in 1974
scrawling something in my little red notebook
about "getting nowhere fast".
I see Brian's big brown eyes lit
with the adventure of starting over
and oblivious, for a moment,
of the extent to which he is
doomed by his disabilities.
And the waves
roll out, and the waves roll in.
This poem

could go on a long time,
but you've already understood it;
you got the point some time ago,

and you'll get it again

Mark Halliday

cultural change and radical social transformation. A hypothetical Mandarin visiting Mainz somewhere around 1460 might have congratulated his hosts on their ingenious discovery that this oriental toy could be used to reinforce traditional values and establish authority. He might even have suffered some embarrassment from the fact that his own countrymen had failed to see the utility of movable type for the promulgation of Confucian precepts, imperial edicts, and occasional sops to vulgar superstition. He would not have guessed that Italian humanism would soon send printing on its uncontrollable course.

M.D. Feld

M. D. Feld is the author of *The Structure of Violence: Armed Forces as Social Systems* (Sage Publications), and is working on a study of Renaissance humanism and early printing to be published by David R. Godine.

Fusang: The Chinese Who Built America by Stan Steiner

(Harper & Row; $11.95)

On a bold voyage in the fifth century, argues Stan Steiner, author of *Fusang: The Chinese Who Built America*, Buddhist missionaries may have landed on the shores of America—by mistake—on a journey to the fabled Fusang, a land which had no wars, no taxes, and which even allowed women to choose their own husbands. In reality, Fusang may have been a small island off Japan, but to subsequent Chinese explorers and immigrants, Steiner believes, "the land of America had long been a fabled place," a "paradise of innocence and abundance."

Even less may be known of early Chinese immigrants to the new world than of other immigrant groups. Spanish colonial laws, for example, divided people into 18 "categories of purity" or "whiteness." "In these degrees of purity there was no category for the Chinese," Steiner observes, "so many decided that it was wisest to be as silent and as invisible as possible." While Europeans were not eager to recognize Chinese colonists within their colonies, "the Chinese could not do so: the penalty for leaving China, by the decree of the Manchu emperors, was death by decapitation—not a reward conducive to the faithful recording of history."

Some facts nevertheless remain. The huge seafaring junks had carried so many Chinese to North America that by 1635 Spanish barbers petitioned the Mexico City council to banish their Chinese competition. Chinese constructed the earliest frontier village in the Northwest, at Nootka Sound on Vancouver Island. Almost two decades before "the famed expedition of Lewis and Clark, which set forth to 'discover' the Pacific in 1804, more than one hundred pioneers from China were settled on the northwest Pacific coast." By 1850, affluent Chinese traders were a respected component of San Francisco—if regarded somewhat askance for their suspiciously feminine habit of bathing.

By 1852, many Chinese, facing the drawn-out consequences of China's defeat in the Opium Wars, severe economic inflation, and the rumblings of the Taiping revolutionary movement at home, answered broadsides offering excellent pay, considerate treatment ("All is nice," promised one advertisement) in such numbers that the Chinese population in the United States had swollen from mere hundreds in 1850 to perhaps 50,000 by 1860.

Although Chinese workers were originally spurned by the management of the Central Pacific for their small stature and imputed frailty, the railroad needed a work force of 5000, not the 800 it could garner. When the Irish work bosses finally were bullied into permitting the Chinese to grade roadbeds, it was reported that "'the coolies' right of way was longer and was smoother than any white crew's. It was embarrassing, for the Chinese were so inexperienced that many had never been on a

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railroad or even seen one."

Chinese immigrants contributed innovative labor-saving technology as well as labor. Using aerial basket systems, they planted dynamite in unreachable precipices to literally move obstructing mountains. Using an ingenious bucket system and "the Chinese water wheel," they drained rivers to reap fortunes from river beds Yankee miners had given up as worthless. A botanist who would become known as the "Chinese Burbank," Lue Gim Gong, crossed Chinese-American oranges with those from the Mediterranean, thereby becoming "the father and/or mother of the Florida and California citrus industry."

Unfortunately, perhaps because more documentation of discrimination than accomplishment exists, it is the shocking way in which the Chinese were treated that sticks in one's memory. Once the railroads were finished and Chinese labor was a threat to Yankee employment, racism began to manifest itself. Riots occurred; Chinese were scalped, branded with hot irons, burned alive. Severed genitalia were toasted at a saloon. So severe was the violence that the US was moved to apologize to the imperial court in Peking for "senseless killings."

Nor did leadership provide an antidote. Governor Leland Stanford (one of the Stanfords after whom Stanford University is named) condemned the Chinese emigrants as a "degraded" people, the "dregs of Asia." Samuel Gompers, leader of the American Federation of Labor, wrote *Some Reasons for Chinese Exclusion: Meat vs. Rice, American Manhood Against Asiatic Coolieism—Which Shall Survive?*, leaving little doubt as to which side he was on. The editor of the *Montanian* wrote in 1873, "We don't mind hearing of a Chinaman being killed now and then, but it's been coming too thick of late. Don't kill them unless they deserve it, but when they do, why kill 'em lots."

Not surprisingly, in the face of a situation in the West "approximating civil war," a population which may have grown to 110,000 by the 1880s appeared to have plummeted to half that 30 years later. Nor was there respite as the new century began. Woodrow Wilson was widely quoted as saying, "Oriental coolieism will give us another problem to solve and surely we have had our lesson." It was not until 1943 that the infamous Exclusion Act passed by Congress in 1882 was repealed, and "some 105 Chinese were actually to be allowed to enter the country legally every year."

Fusang is the latest in a series of "evocations of American ethnic groups" by Stan Steiner, who has also written *The New Indians* and *La Raza*; it is not a comprehensive study. Occasionally overstatement and minor errors detract from that sense of authority essential to any social historian and indispensable to a work without footnotes. And Mr. Steiner's material, when carefully assembled, is so much more interesting and complex in tone than his subjective comments that one wishes he would stick to letting the material speak for itself.

Much material, of course, remains to be gathered. The documentation of early immigration to North America, as the author notes, may lie deep in the archives of former colonial countries such as Spain, but especially in China. One of the consequences of our new relations with China may be to open the door to scholarship, to help illuminate this sadly neglected part of history, and belie the prophecy of a California newspaper during the Gold Rush: "The silence of the grave would be all that would remain of the Chinamen's existence here."

Dawn Druley West

Dawn Druley West is a freelance writer.

Edward VII
Prince and King
by Giles St. Aubyn

(Atheneum; $19.95)

This Prince of Wales's mother was not very fond of him. At one of her least loving moments, Queen Victoria exclaimed with real revulsion "I never can see Bertie—without a shudder! Oh! that bitterness—oh! that cross!" But according to one lord, the affable Bertie, later King Edward VII, was "one of the most lovable of human beings," and the crowds seemed to agree.

Human, rather than royal, was the adjective associated with Edward. He made his impression as a well-dressed, well-fed, vigorous body, not as a sanctioned symbol of the body politic. That was not surprising, for he had 60 years to indulge his "pleasure hungry" nature while Queen Victoria reserved the glories of office for herself. The recently discovered correspondence of the king's private secretary, Francis Knollys, provides Giles St. Aubyn with an original source for his biography of Edward during these idle years and his decade as king. The Edwardian spirit seems to be contagious; like his subject, St. Aubyn is affectionate, perceptive and, above all, entertaining. There's no psychologizing, no Marxist interpretation, but Bertie doesn't suffer from the old-fashioned narrative treatment he gets.

Freudians might have a hard time explaining how Edward turned out so strikingly free of resentment. St. Aubyn doesn't explain. He describes—in a chapter of some length—the rigorous peculiarities of the prince's upbringing. Bertie's father, who believed "the welfare of the world" turned on "the good education of Princes," and his mother, who felt that the "fool" of the family needed some sense drummed into him, subjected the young prince to a repressive regimen of study "at which even the infant John Stuart Mill might have quailed." He endured seven hours of study six days a week with a succession of unsympathetic private tutors; and "when their son showed signs of dropping from fatigue," St. Aubyn quips, "his parents were utterly mystified, until it dawned on them that the boy was naturally lazy and needed to be driven harder."

A later chapter title, "The Prince and Society," might make a Marxist heart leap. But instead of undertaking a class analysis, St. Aubyn recounts the revels of "The Marlborough House Set." The prince was always eager to share "the largest larder in the world" with beautiful women (which pained his loyal wife Alexandra) and with whomever else he considered good company, regardless of their social station (which discomfited some of his more status conscious contemporaries).

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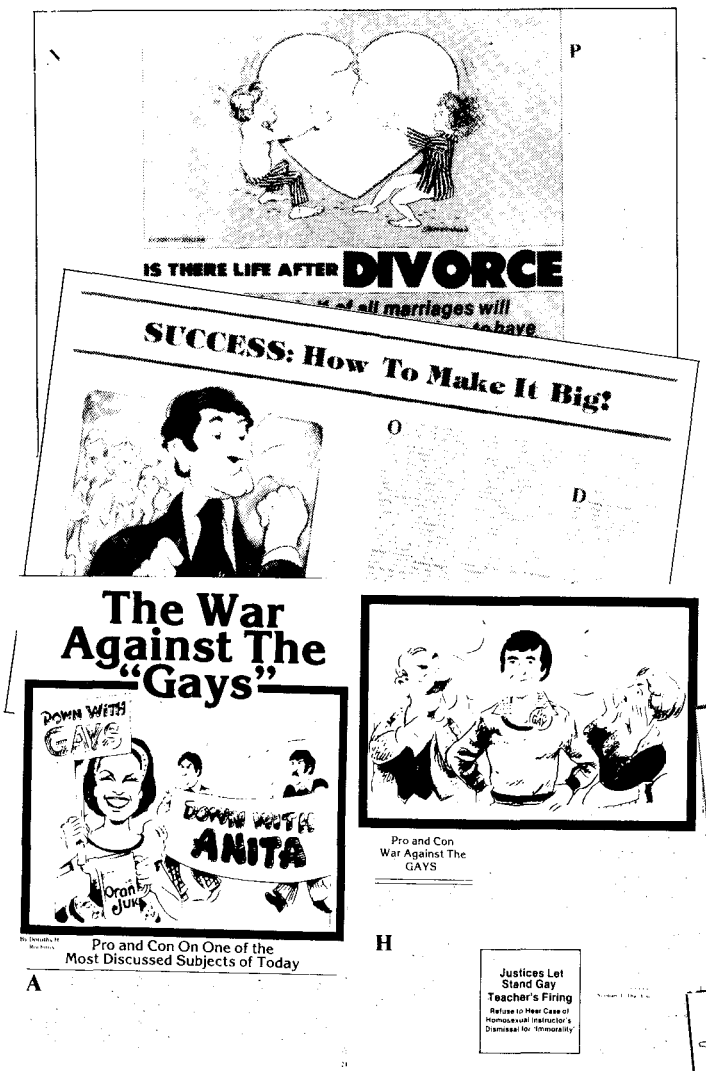
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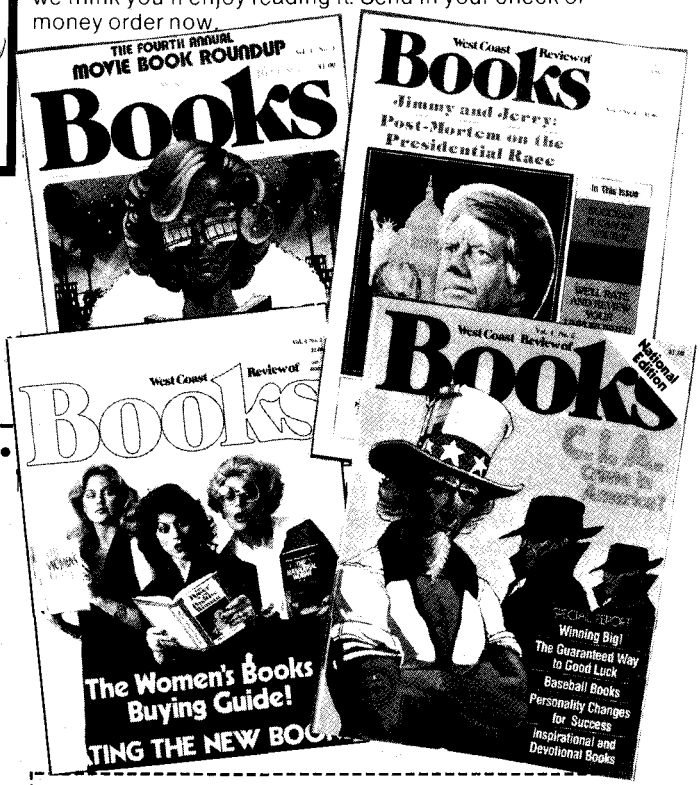
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The prince's political life was not nearly as exciting as his social round. After her husband died, Victoria steadfastly refused to relinquish any serious duties to the Prince of Wales, so he was consigned to the frustrating role of "an unemployed youth," as Bagehot put it. Among his main "political" accomplishments, he caught typhoid and survived; that ordeal earned him stardom in a drama which seemed to have cured the English public of its dangerous

King Edward in Algiers, 1905. Photo from *Edward VII*.

republican sentiment and infused it once again with traditional affection for the Crown. He toured India, cheerily appearing at "processions, levees, balls, durbars, illuminations, etc. which are all exactly alike," as his more fatigued private secretary reported. And when the queen's Golden Jubilee came around in 1887 and her Diamond Jubilee 10 years later, sociable, energetic Bertie was enlisted to organize. Gregarious abroad, the prince kept tabs on his relatives, lodged in various thrones all over the continent—his nephew William II was the third Kaiser of Germany, Tsar Nicholas was his wife's nephew. While he charmed, he assessed the unstable European scene more carefully than many guessed.

When Victoria died in 1901, Edward was more than ready to secure employment at last. By nature inclined to statesmanship, the king distinguished himself in foreign affairs, where English monarchs had most freedom and influence. Diplomacy was a messy business, for family ties, not simply national interests, were at stake; but Edward dealt gracefully and astutely. After countless trying scenes with his nephew the Kaiser, Edward was finally convinced that an Anglo-German agreement was hopeless, that William was "*utterly* false, and the bitterest foe England possesses." So the king, a Francophile from youth, conveyed his contagious affection to the French, which was instrumental in winning them over to the *Entente Cordiale* with Britain. After four years of careful dealings with the Russians, Edward happily witnessed the signing of the Anglo-Russian Convention in 1907—a further step in his international scheme. Of course, Edward had more than a little help from his ministers, but St. Aubyn is interested in making the case for the king's indispensably friendly touch.

Toward the end of Edward's reign, the march of socialism seemed to be approaching dangerously close to the throne; St. Aubyn reports that the king "believed that his grandson would never reign and that the red flag would flutter in the Mall." Edward also saw more clearly than many in England the threat of German aggression. But when he died in 1910 he could be at comparative peace; as one friend observed on a visit to the king's deathbed, "round the room were all the things just as he had last used them, with his hats hanging on the pegs as he loved them to do." The war that would blast his era of ease beyond recognition was four years away.

Ann Hulbert

Brief Review

The Fountains of Paradise by Arthur C. Clarke

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10)

Arthur C. Clarke has seen the future and it works too well. A prolific writer of science fiction, Clarke continues in his new novel, *The Fountains of Paradise*, the struggle of his brethren to humanize the fearsome offspring of modern science: technology. To put his effort in perspective it is important to remember that the largest part of the 20th-century literary tribe have felt like aliens in what they consider an increasingly artificial world. Attempts to deliver the image of man from the prison of technology have resulted, at best, in desperate failures like that of Hart Crane in *The Bridge*.

Now in science fiction writing we have what is perhaps the dying end of the literary impulse to forge the spirit and the computer into a religion of science. In *The Fountains of Paradise*, Clarke attempts to forecast a future where technology has again become man's hope for salvation. The hero of the novel, a scientist-cum-Siddhartha by the name of Vannever Morgan, has a vision that he can link the earth with the rest of the solar system by means of a towering "sky elevator" that would soar from the equator to a synchronous orbiting satellite, which, in turn, would serve as a stationary staging area to the stars.

If Morgan's ambition seems Promethean, Clarke cheats himself and his readers by not giving the scientist the complexity of character—a fatal flaw, at least—that would make him a tragic figure heading for a fall. Morgan's audacity is initially paralleled with that of an ancient Indian king, a usurper who is destroyed in his effort to make himself a god. The dual narrative is ended quickly, however, and the Indian king, the only character with nobility, is taken from us. We are left with Morgan, a pathetic egotist who is also hopelessly stereotyped, choosing, in a stock response, to turn his back on a woman because she would take him away from his other mistress: work. Morgan's petty narcissism wouldn't be so bad if Clarke didn't want us to admire the poor fellow, who really is nothing more than a machine minus the shiny covering. Without a trace of irony, the author has created a world where the rage for order has robbed even its heroes of personality.

Writing in a genre whose strength is supposed to lie in its imagination, Clarke has given us cant instead, and succeeds only in encouraging disbelief. When the spaceship leaves, I for one am going to light out for the territory of earth, because technology is out to civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

Tim Myers

Tim Myers is a freelance writer.

Correspondence, from page 3

unalterable geographic reality gives the Soviets and their friends a potential preponderence of local forces for intervention. From the end of World War II to the mid-1960s, our superiority in strategic forces checkmated that potential local preponderance. At parity they no longer can. In order to further US

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national security, any treaty institutionalizing parity (which SALT II does not) must be understood by both signers to require restraint in political action. The Soviet record in the past decade has been one of constant probing. It would be insulting, I suppose, to point out that that decade has coincided with the erosion of US strategic power. Your editors find proof of Soviet magnanimity in the fact that the bombing of Haiphong was coincident with the signing of SALT I. A most interesting view, in light of the not uncontradictory fact that the Soviets were most accommodating, indeed obsequious, in seeking arms limitations immediately before the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Mary F. Dunham
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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Washington Diarist

Carnal Disappointments

Being a Calvinist in both theology and temperament, I usually expect disappointment from the carnal world, and it rarely disappoints me in this respect. There is depressing news everywhere. My fellows in the Christian faith serve as a frequent source of consternation to me, perhaps even more often than I do to them. A few months back I used the pages of *TNR* to criticize an $85,000 grant by the World Council of Churches to the Patriotic Front guerrillas in Rhodesia, a contribution strenuously defended by my own church, the United Presbyterian Church. About the only thing that can be said in favor of my church's involvement in this episode is that it follows the advice of Martin Luther: if you would sin, then sin greatly. Sinning trivially is the special province of Unitarians, those dissidents from Christianity who, as one theological wag put it, "believe in, at most, one God." A few weeks ago a Unitarian church in Camp Springs, Maryland was moved to undertake an ambitious (some would say audacious) project: rewriting the Ten Commandments—or, rather, chucking the old ones and coming up with a brand-new set, which they call the Ten Suggestions (even though there are 11). This project will badly undermine the Unitarians' intellectual reputation, since it reads like something Saint Francis might have written if he had been reborn into the Me Decade. "Thou shalt cultivate personal self-respect and self-love and honor it in others," says one. "Protect the ecosystem," says another. One the Unitarians unfortunately chose to preach instead of practice is this: "Thou shalt not give commandments." By comparison with these tedious directives, the old orders to refrain from making graven images, stealing, coveting my neighbor's wife and committing murder, seem undemanding.

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that all the silly things that go on in the name of religion belong to Unitarians. The Washington office of the United Presbyterian Church has joined with several other churches and religious organizations in something called the "Interfaith Coalition on Energy," which aims at promoting energy conservation. The coalition's list of things people should do brings to mind Mencken's definition of a Puritan as someone who is worried that somewhere, somehow, someone is having a good time. Church and synagogue members will be asked to sign a "Covenant for Conservation" which includes pledges to keep thermostats at 68 degrees during the winter and 76 in the summer, to take public transportation instead of driving and, in the words of the *Washington Post*, to avoid "over-packaged goods, highly refined and processed foods and nonreturnable containers." (How the Unitarians overlooked these injunctions, I can't imagine.) I don't object to encouraging energy conservation, although I doubt these measures will accomplish very much. What bothers me is the suggestion that there is any real connection between loving God and one's neighbor and keeping one's thermostat at 68 degrees. (Why not 66? Why not 56?) Energy conservation may be good or bad, but it is no more a religious question than the electoral college is. The people involved in this coalition are merely trying to dress up their political concerns in religious language, and at the same time trying to give some substance to religious beliefs that apparently have been drained of any other content. It reminds me of the story told me by a friend who asked a trendy Episcopalian priest what his church believed in. Came the reply: "We believe in the brotherhood of man, the recognition of China. . . . "

I don't know exactly what it means, but it can't be good news to find out, as a survey by *Psychology Today* recently did, that middle-class American women prefer reading to sex. A poll taken among married couples in Florida showed that 37 percent of the women would rather spend their leisure time reading than doing anything else. I'm only slightly encouraged by the news that these women narrowly prefer sex to "sewing for leisure." (The men decisively preferred sex, with "attending athletic events" running a distant second.) As a middle-class American man who hopes eventually to enter into matrimony, I feel vaguely uneasy about these findings, particularly when I reflect on the quality of the best-seller lists these days. No doubt it is the fault of American husbands for not being able to hold their wives' attention against competition from Rosemary Rogers. But there is hope for these women. A new book called *Sexual Excitement, Sexual Peace* opens up new vistas for those dissatisfied with their love lives. This book, says the jacket, "is a ground breaking study of masturbation in adult relationships." One must grant that Irving and Suzanne Sarnoff, the authors, certainly offer an ingenious perspective on this particular activity. Somewhat improbably, they attribute it to "the desire for loving sexual relationships and the desire for self-expression and personal achievement." I refuse even to speculate on what *that* is supposed to mean. One shouldn't be surprised by this book; isn't it the logical conclusion of the narcissism of our age? I expect it will be only a matter of weeks before *New York* magazine features a cover story on the subject.

When last we saw Daniel Patrick Moynihan, he was questioning the wisdom of providing the nation's poor with a guaranteed annual income (see "Poor Laws," *TNR*, December 2). Last week he was arguing the need to provide United States senators with a higher guaranteed income. Moynihan helped persuade his colleagues to lift an $8625 ceiling on outside earned income, which means that some members of the Senate have to scrape by on a meager $66,000 a year. "I do not know of any Senator who has resigned because he or she cannot make ends meet," he admitted, "but someone might. Others may have to borrow against savings. Some may have to go into debt to complete their terms. Some may have to ask their wives to work." Clearly it is unjust to ask senators to do what millions of Americans already have to do. Knowing what I do about senators and their need for ego gratification, I doubt that many would be induced to leave the limelight of public office simply because of that restriction. It might scare off a few potential office-seekers who are mainly interested in getting rich, but presumably we can do without them. The restriction does have the benefit of making it a little harder for senators to sell their influence to well heeled groups, thus making the whole relationship between government and special interests a little less cozy. Another reason for the limit is that it serves as a very faint reminder to senators of how ordinary people live. Moynihan's speech, which proclaimed the impossibility of supporting a family on five times the income of the average American family, underscores the need for such reminders.

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